

Letitia Pratt

THE

BIRTH NIGHT,

OR

MODERN FRENCH REFORMATION:

A COMIC OPERA.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

.....

MDCCXCVI.

Feb. A5 f. 2119

St from Rothwell

ERRATA.

Page 2, line 10, for *champagne* read *champaign*.
35, 3, for time read tune.
42, 13, for *restraiut* read *constraint*.
43, 17, for *inconveniant* read *convenient*.
64, 4, for *at ber sight* read *at thy sight*.
75, 2 from the bottom, for *may* read *my*.
84, 7, comma removed from the end of *displeasure* to
for ever.
For *Seignor* read *Segnior*.
For *viva la liberte* read *vive*.



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
WILLIAM PITT,
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, &c. &c.

SIR,

*W*HEN with the partner of my happiness and my care, I sit down contented to partake of my social meal—when with conscious security I lay my head on my pillow, and rise to salute the cheerful morn with gratitude—when with undisturbed steps I retire to the rural recess, or walk at large through the more frequented haunts of men, fearless of the privileged assassin's dagger—when thus I enjoy, in security, all the comforts that my situation in life will admit of, I naturally look to that source from whence those blessings flow, and I feel that, next to

my humble thanks to Providence, I (as a subject of Great Britain) am indebted to you for all that's dear to man—liberty and security.—This simple, though grateful acknowledgment, unadorned by imagery, unallayed by servile adulation, and unallured even by expectation, is the only mode by which I can shew my gratitude; and as my reason for dedicating to you the annexed trifle, originates from the same motive, I trust it will be a sufficient apology for my presumption.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

with all due respect,

Your very obedient humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

FAIR AND FOUL READERS!

I PRESENT for the perusal of those who have good eyes, (and those that have not may use spectacles) a sort of prodigy—an opera never acted—without prologue or epilogue, and containing twenty songs without one tune. As to the first deficiency—if I am asked the reason “that it has not walked its night on theatrical boards?” I can assign none; but, perhaps, before you peruse half the work, it will tell its own tale—and you will not desire to have the question resolved.—As to the want of prologue and epilogue—I acknowledge this would be a capital failure in stage trick, though I cannot see, how they can be necessary for a closet perusal—perhaps you are of a different opinion—a roast fowl you think not eatable without the liver and gizzard trussed under the pinions: if this is so—you must suppose that it originally was properly dressed up for market, but some unlucky cat has run away with the necessary appendages. Perhaps, if I had produced them secundum artem, I might deem them mighty clever—you, quite the reverse, and thus disappoint me. As a Scotch architect, in the Isle of Man

who, having executed a few years back, a bridge over a rivulet—erected two stone uprights on the battlements, and placed a beam across them, for all the world as like a gallows as one egg is like another ; and when the astonished beholders desired to know its use, “ hand away (cried honest Sawney) what gait gang your eyen ? dona ye ken its an ornament ?” As to my not fixing tunes to my songs—believe me, that I think I have very pretty sort of tunes for them all ; but I have modesty enough to repress them—for if they were either conveyed to you by notes, or by my own vocal performance, I am afraid you would not descry their merit. I am aware now, that on the perusal of this piece, some good-natured friend will tell me, “ that similar incident and characters have been produced on the stage before.” This may be very true.—Now, as people have for time immemorial enjoyed five senses, is it to be expected I am to add a new one?—or is it to be supposed that at this æra of the world—a poor author can find out any novel characters and incidents, when the finest writer of his time some thousand years back has declared, that even then “ there was nothing new under the sun.”* Or, suppose I was father to a little squalling bantling,

* Nothing convinces me more, of the truth of this principle, than, what occurred to me since I wrote this preface. Having by accident taken up Sir John Vanbrug’s famous play of the Provoked Wife, (which I solemnly declare had never fallen into my hands before,) I found a drunken scene, so similar, in the first appearance

bantling, whose features bore a bad resemblance to my neighbour's handsome child, is that any reason that I should drown or smother it? no in good faith (as honest Sancho says) let the hen live though it have the pip.

I will now end my preface, for two reasons—first, because my friend Pollonius says, “brevity is the soul of wit;” and secondly, because my reader may have already thought it too long. All I have to add—is, “that to those who speak good-naturedly of my little performance, I shall return my warmest thanks—and those, who do not, cannot expect them, &c.”

pearance to my own—attended also by a concomitant one of the party been brought before a justice, &c. (nay even the toast given “confusion to order,” so almost directly similar to mine of “health to confusion,”) that had not my play (which has been written three years back, and which may account for some seeming inaccuracy in respect to incidents, &c.) been then absolutely in the press, I should have been tempted to have withdrawn it; yet I had some little consolation, in reading a page further,— to find *Æsop’s* question, and the fine lady’s answer in *Garrick’s Lethe* bearing as strong a resemblance to those between the justice and Sir John Brute, and I met with Tom and Phillis in the *Conscious Lovers* in the very next scene, in *Razor and Madamofelle*.

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Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Mr. FENTON, an elderly Gentleman of Fortune.
Mr. DAZZLE, an old Debauchee.
Mr. FREDERICK DAZZLE his Son.
Mr. BELWOOD, a Gentleman of Fortune.
Mr. BENEVOL his Brother.
Mr. GUZZLE, a Justice.
Mr. SCAMPER, a licentious Pander.
Mr. CRAYON, a Designer in Chalks.
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Mrs. ARCOT, Sister to old *Dazzle* and Widow of a Nabob.
Miss CYNTHIA WARREN.
Miss JUDY GUZZLE.
FANNY, Miss *Fenton's* Maid.
JENNY, Maid to Mr. *Dazzle*, senior.
Children, &c.

THE

THE
BIRTH NIGHT,
OR
FRENCH MODERN REFORMATION.

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SCENE I. ACT. I.

SCENE a Parlour. Mr. DAZZLE's House. Mr. FREDERICK DAZZLE, Mr. TIERCE and Servant.

Frederick. **I** TELL you, Francis, I am engaged ; I won't be pestered by any snivelling wench—does she think I am the parish officer—let her go to the poor house ! rat me—*(sings.)*

What now ! pay a dead horse for his trouble ?

Egad that's a frolic

Would give me the colic,
And make me a poor pitiful buble.

Why adso, to be sure I did win her,
But when once the good haunch

Is secure in our paunch,
Pray who likes to pay for the dinner.

Here's my maxim, I care not who knows it,
My last guinea I'd part,
To gain a maid's heart,
Not a farthing when once she bestows it.

Wenches think it all true when we swear it ;
But such oaths never keep,
Flying off in our sleep,
Like the vapours of champagne or claret.

Francis. Poor Fanny Williams is below too, Sir—it would break your honour's heart to see her—she has fainted twice in the servants' hall.

Frederick. What the devil!—are they come to hunt me in couples like Macheth's wives : tell them Mr. Tierce is so good as to father one of the children, and I'll bestow you the other.

Mr. Tierce. You are very obliging, Sir.

Frederick. Yes, yes, all a piece of frolic, you know : it shall be sent home to Mrs. Tierce with a pap-spoon and coral—nursing will do her good, it will clear her complexion.—As for you, Francis, you are a poor devil, so I'll give you my last birth-day suit, by way of a dowry, and, by the by, it cost me a cool hundred—then Fanny and you may keep a gin shop, or sell old clothes at St. Giles's.

Francis. Your honour knows I am married.

Frederick. Keep her for your mistress then—rot me, but I honour you, you dog. Lord Squeek offered me five hundred pounds for her the very morning I debauch'd her.

Francis.

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Francis. But, Sir, what answer am I to give at present?

Frederick. Oh, I suppose the wretches want money—also I forgot—here, give them half a crown, and tell them if they don't pester me I shall get them admitted into the lying-in-hospital, and place the brats among the foundlings —— Come, Sir, no murmuring here, do as I command you, and if they don't scamper from the house I'll send for the parish beadle—sink me ——

[*Exit Francis.*]

So much for them—now to business —— (*They fence.*) That's a neat hit, split me —— a hit, Mr. Tierce, a palpable hit.

Tierge. That a hit, Sir! — tut, tut, Sir, you know nothing about the matter; it was a false lounge, a hit that would not tell.

Frederick. An hit that would not tell! — What an ass— Pray did not the point of my foil hit you under the right breast?

Tierge. Yes, it hit me, to be sure; that is, you call it a hit.

Frederick. Zooks, call it what you please—had it been a sword, would it not have past through your lungs?

Tierge. Perhaps it might, Sir; but that's nothing to the purpose, it was unscientifically done—it was more like cudgelling than fencing —— hold up your point, Sir, — now on your defence, Sir, — see, this was your lounge—first to feign a tierce, so—then a carte over the arm, so—ha, ha ——

Frederick. Ha, ha,—ha, ha, why there it was again.

Tierge. Pugh, Mr. Dazzle, you are a damn'd bad fencer; I shall never make any thing of you—I'd as soon fence with a Smithfield bullock.

B 2

Frederick.

Frederick. Fence with a Smithfield bullock!—Did I do that scientifically? (strikes him) ah, Mr. Tickle-pitcher—

Enter SCAMPER.

Scamper. What at it again! Bravo, my boy—keep it up; nothing like having your hand in readiness.

Tierce. Yes, Sir; but he may have his hand too ready, as he shall find to his cost. I promise you, Sir, you shall hear from me—you young puppy—

(*Frederick Snatches the foil from his hand and flings it out of doors, throwing his own after it.*)

Frederick. And now, Sir, you and your cartes and tierces may go to the devil, and tell the old gentleman, by way of news, that to run a man through the body is a false lounge.

Tierce. Very well, Sir, very well,—you shall hear from me. [Exit.

Frederick. Au Revoir—well, Scamper, any news?

Scamper. Belwood is arrived from the continent.

Frederick. Indeed!

Scamper. Truth, I assure you—Egad you may stand in need of your weapon of defence, if the report you spread to his prejudice comes to his ears—you may have fresh work upon your hands.

Frederick. Have at him—nothing like life, rot me—he was near slipping my wind once, now I shall try to return him the compliment—here Thomas, Thomas, hand me down my pistols from my dressing room—

Scamper. In the name of wonder, for what?—Come, come, Frederick, lay aside this violence.

Frederick. Oh charming that! You turn methodist! ha, ha, ha, morality is a blessing I find—dash my brains if

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if I don't either cuckold him or he shall sconce me—how do you know that the rascal is arrived ?

Scamper. I met his brother Bennevol's servant, who told me that Belwood was only detained at Dover by the casual meeting of a friend who was embarking for the continent ; but come, hang it, Frederick, let us start fresh game—his wife will never come to ; besides, consider their intimacy with your father.

Frederick. Sink their intimacy : you know the old Codger and I never go into the same company once a year— Shoot the husband, that's my scheme—shoot him honourably, you dog, then toy with his wife, by way of consoling her. Nothing like an intrigue with a widow in weeds under the gloomy shade of a mourning cyrus, with a husband's urn in prospective—that's gallantry in perfection—rot me.

Scamper. I swear we shall never make any thing of it, she is too well protected.

Frederick. Rot her protection ! what, by a brother and a husband, the one only fit to sing ballads in a frosty night to the moon, and the other to hold a caudle cup for the midwife : make mummies of them both and send them to the British museum—that's the cut, fink me.

Scamper. Yes, but there is some danger that they may present you in a glass-case first.

Frederick. Danger, man, is the very soul of the business—rot me, do you think I mean to sleep over pleasure, or enjoy luxury reclining with my legs across a sofa, like an eastern glutton?—no, no, hang it a little Cayan in the sauce for me. (*Sings.*)

’Tis danger enhances possession,
Without trouble no honours we gain,

THE BIRTH NIGHT.

And pleasures soon lose their impression
When they come unattended with pain.

The honey is mingled with bitter,
Which the bees from the poppy extract,
Whilst roses, with perfume much sweeter,
Their attention can never attract.

In deciphering pleasure or sorrow,
We must feel the effects they bring forth ;
Nor this day be known from to-morrow
If dull sameness united them both.

Enter SERVANT with Pistols.

Frederick. Now for a long shot of seven paces—here you, Sir, pin this card to the wainscot.

Scamper. Hey day, what ! in the parlour.

Frederick. Rot the parlour—why not—spoil old dad's paint, that's all. Now have at it. I lay a cool hundred that in the second shot I cut the ace—here we go, dead for a hundred—(*fires*)—See here, Scamper, it would have been right through the lungs—just the touch.

Enter several SERVANTS in a Fright.

Cook. Oh mercy ! master Fred. what's the matter ? we are all terrified out of our insistence.

Frederick. Now for a level among the green geese—a flap at Doll's top knot—

(As he presents the pistol at them they all screech and run out, overturning Old Dazzle, who was entering.

O. Dazzle. What, eh—the devil—halloo there, what is all this ?—damn it, if they have not broke my arm. Here, I say,

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I say, you young villain, what the devil do you mean—
come here, firrah, help me up.

Frederick. Now, Scamper, for a clean shot through
the curl over his right ear—hold your head steady, old
cock, or I may crack your noddle.

O. Dazzle. Stop, stop,—what, you dog, murder your
father—

Spanker. Nay, nay, Sir, don't mind him, it is all a
frolic.

O. Dazzle. Frolic, Sir, all a frolic; perhaps you
may think so—and who are you, Sir, and your frolics? (*rises*)
ay, Sir, who are you?—as for you (*to Frederick*) you
graceless whelp I'll disinherit you.

Frederick. What dock the entail!—with all my heart,
old Codger, if you can.

O. Dazzle. Split me if I leave a stick standing on
the estate strong enough to whip a cat, or a tenant's house
that sha'n't have more owls than rats in it.

Frederick. Can't run away with the acres old boy!

O. Dazzle. Rot me but I'll sink them in a general
swamp—Frogs and toads shall pay you rent, and you
may send a bittern as an agent to collect it—I'll draw
every sink for fifty miles round into its center, so that the
poor devils that remain shall breath nothing but pestilence,
till they rot away like Dutchmen in the streets of Batavia.

Frederick. Come, come, don't be silly, let me have
but one shot—the air will whistle through your lungs
like the foul wind out of a cider tap.

O. Dazzle. Get out of my house, firrah.

Frederick. Nay then, since you are so peevish another
touch at the card. (*fires*)

O. Dazzle. Impudent puppy, is this the respect—

Frederick.

Frederick. Due to you !!!—ha, ha, ha,—respect indeed—

“ But when his worship came to woo,

“ He could find none but de cuckoo”—(*cuckoo, cuckoo, &c.*)

O. Dazzle. Get from my house you ungracious puppy, and the first of my servants that dares to open the door to you shall find it shut against himself—out of my house, Sir—

Frederick. An odd shot through the right curl, old withered shanks.

(*As he goes out O. Dazzle runs after him to strike him.*)

Scamper. A rare couple, a blessed father and as blessed a son—egad I'll shift my quarters, this chap will milk no longer I find—so to turn honest out of policy, I shall take care to counteract his plot on Cynthia Fenton; I may touch a hundred or two by discovering his designs against her, and I am certain I shan't get a guinea by keeping the secret, so let the devil take friendship for me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. ACT I.

Mr. BELWOOD's House; a Parlour. Mrs. BELWOOD and Mr. BENEVOL.

Mr. Benevol. Nay, sister, don't be so uneasy.

Mrs. Belwood. How can I appear otherwise?

Mr. Benevol. Be a little more considerate and less fretful; cheer up your spirits, a few hours will re-unite you: as for his delay at Dover, faith he was perfectly in the right of it. If he had allowed his Lordship to slip off

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off to the continent without giving him some security, he would have had no chance to have seen his money again.

Mrs. Belwood. You talk so coolly of a few hours absence, as if they were a few minutes ; consider how my feelings have been already sported with—his hazarding his life in the first instance—then becoming an exile from my arms—and now to delay behind for such a paltry consideration.

Mr. Benevol. Now you have completed it—two thousand pounds a paltry consideration—!! but you ladies are always so ready to accuse—you would not have expected him this week had he not dispatched me before him, which he did merely to gratify you, by the intelligence of his arrival. But come, let us change the subject, and talk of the dear fascinating Cynthia—Oh Jemima, how coldly she received me ; yet even so, she was beautiful—beautiful !!! there is not a term in Johnson's Dictionary sufficiently descriptive.

Mrs. Belwood. Or a flight of fancy in the whole of Bell's poetic collection, that could exaggerate her qualifications.

Mr. Benevol. Except Shenstone, dear Shenstone—the warmth of his colouring, the chasteness of his tints, the beauty of his imagery—

Mrs. Belwood. Bravo—proceed—

Mr. Benevol. To speak of her in prose is profanation.

(Sings.)

I have seen a sweet rose decay in her breast,

Yet fading seem pleas'd with its doom ;

It drooping reclin'd with a sigh to its rest,

Whilst a fragrance of sweet was its tomb.

An

THE BIRTH NIGHT.

An innocent lamb who had frisk'd it astray,
 (As conscious of worth) in her train,
 With envy o'erprest, I met on her way,
 Rejoining the sheep-fold again.

A dove, who conceiv'd she alone could be chaste,
 Presum'd to confront with her too;
 All her virtues she own'd, when retreating in haste,
 Were Cynthia, center'd in you.

With a woe-freighted heart she flew to her mate,
 Then flutter'd and funk on the lawn :
 He coo'd to divert her, but, ah, he was late,
 She droop'd on his breast before morn.

Mrs. Belwood. Well, now then to return to plain English and common sense—have you deliver'd your commiffion to her father?

Mr. Benevol. Flew with it on the moment of my arrival. I confess I found it a very troublesome affair, for I was near having all my baggage seized for smuggling it over. I wish our men of fortune would content themselves with the manufactures of their own country; however I was lucky enough to part with two foreign nuisances at once, the parcel consign'd to him, and the servant who carried it.

Mrs. Belwood. What! the insolent noisy valet you imported —

Mr. Benevol. Verily the same—Monsieur Chantillon at your service. Fenton, not being content with either English freedom, English clothes, or English servants, was so weak as to consider this fellow's gasconading and petulence in the light of spirit and independence, so that when

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when I consented to part with him he appeared as elated as if he had stumbled on the mines of Potosi.

Mrs. Belwood. So then you did not surrender him unwillingly ?

Mr. Benevol. No, faith, but with the best grace I ever did any thing in the world ; for he will find this Pandora's box contains the essence of licentiousness, rendered completely despicable by knavery, laziness and impertinence.

Mrs. Belwood. Upon my word a very generous concession on your side.

Mr. Benevol. Nay but don't accuse me wrongfully, I threw out some hints of this nature, but they were all ascribed to the prejudices of education.

Mrs. Belwood. What countryman is he ?

Mr. Benevol. Heaven knows !—I took him out of immediate necessity, so had little time to inquire into particulars, but I have reason to believe, from what I can collect when he is off his guard, that he is a deserter from one of the continental armies—but he offered himself to me in the character of a Swiss valet de chambre.—As a recompence for the wonderful obligation I have thus conferred on Mr. Fenton, I am engaged to dance in company with his fair daughter this very night.

Mrs. Belwood. There is to be a famous gala there in honour of her birth-day ; but be on your guard, William —you must be armed at all points—you are to meet two formidable opponents—no less than father and son.

Mr. Benevol. You surprize me !

Mrs. Belwood. Positively fact—that old wicked debauchee, and unprincipled rake Dazzle, and his son, both, taking advantage of your absence, pay their addresses to her.

Mr.

Mr. Benevol. I thought the young gentleman's wound would have cured him a little—but are you serious?

Mrs. Belwood. Positively fact—she has behaved to me of late with such singular hauteur, that I have been forced much against my inclination to discontinue my visits, for I know her to be a truly amiable girl: but a boarding school education has been her misfortune, where vice has been familiarized under the title of Romance, and breaches of duty and delicacy are softened down to love and gallantry.

Mr. Benevol. Sister, you are too severe, such opinions can't possibly have any effect on her conduct.

Mrs. Belwood. You are mistaken, she thinks the volatile airs and rude impertinences of young Dazzle, are the elegant manners of fashionable life, and absolutely carries on a correspondence with him unknown to her father, who it seems favours the addresses of the antiquated beau.

Mr. Benevol. From what motive?

Mr. Belwood. He thinks, by so doing, to make the old wretch a channel, by which he may ingratiate himself into the good graces of his sister, Mrs. Arcot, an old flame of his, who is now on her passage from India, with an immense fortune, having lately interred her husband—such at least is the surmise.

Mr. Benevol. What the plague—here is a triple conspiracy against me—but hang it what do I care—I am not in love—am I—they say love begins with a tickling about the heart—let me see—let me see—then I am certainly a dead man, for your information creates a strange flutter here.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. My master, madam, my master—

Mrs. Belwood. Where, John—oh, where—

(Runs out—*Mr. Benevol follows.*)

SCENE III. ACT I.

SCENE the Hall. *Mr. BELWOOD* speaking to the Postillion.

Mr. Belwood. Here's your money, my lad—excellent summer accommodation in your chaise, for it has charming ventilators in every corner. [Exit postillion.

Enter Mrs. BELWOOD running, followed by Mr. BENEVOL.

Mrs. Belwood. Oh, where is my Belwood?

Mr. Belwood. Here, my love—here, in my Jemima's arms.

Mrs. Belwood. Here, then, let me hold the precious wanderer for ever—my heart will burst with joy—my Thomas—my faithful Thomas.

Mr. Belwood. 'Tis absence alone can purchase such a happy moment !!

Enter two FEMALE CHILDREN.

Both. Papa—oh, my papa—

Mr. Belwood. My dear little Bess—ha, charming cherry cheek—blesss you, my dear children.

(Kisses them.)

Eldest Girl. Oh, papa, you shall never go away from us again—neither Maria or I ever eat a bit of the plum

C

cake

cake you gave us long, long ago, because we waited for you to divide it.

Youngest. No, papa, we would have died first, so we would.

Mr. Belwood. Charming little cherubs ! (*kisses them again*)

Mrs Belwood. Nay, but Thomas—I shall be jealous of the brats—turn to me, my love—

Enter several SERVANTS, wishing him Joy.

Servants. Your honour is welcome home—God bles^s your honour.

Enter his old STEWARD, and throws himself at his Feet.

Steward. Ay, welcome, welcome, my good Sir—welcome to your home—this is a happy moment for the poor.

Mr. Belwood. Rise, thou worthy man ; I am glad to see you from my soul—I am very happy to see you all—Sally, my pretty girl, give me your hand—James, how is your wife ? in the straw yet ?

James. Not yet, please your honour.

Mr. Belwood. Ah, Jemima ! it's now I feel the absurdity of my conduct—heavens and earth ! a man does not know the extent of his folly, who can barter such happiness for the ridiculous applause of a silly, dissipated world !!

Mr. Benevol. Nay, hang it, Belwood, you had a fair plea for your conduct : there is no person can condemn you in a case, where your feelings and honour were so particularly call'd upon.

Mrs. Belwood. William, William, I could almost hate you for that foolish word *honour*. Should a ridiculous, empty sound make a man risque a life, which is, as you see,

see, the happiness of so many——Look, my Thomas, at these little dear pledges of our affection, and your faithful servants. What a different aspect would now have been worn in the house, had not Providence been your guide—Would the honour of the action (a word so much abused) have wiped away a tear of our distress.

(sings)

*Vain honour's false glare, like the vapour at eve,
Is the phantom of error that shines to deceive;
A glimmer, that virtue obscures in its shades,
And sinks in a mist, as its brilliancy fades.*

*True honour, enray'd like the orbit on high,
It's lustre extracts from the stores of the sky,
And shews, by the light of its far spreading beam,
That Virtue's fair path is the passage to fame.*

Mr. Belwood. Well, my Jemima, I promise you this meeting has told me more than the preaching of the whole bench of bishops——Pray, my friends, is dinner ready? —I should be very glad to see it on the table—and in the mean time, my love, let me change my dress, as I feel myself very uncomfortable——Come, William, let us adjourn by a previous question; but I believe you had better adjourn it *fine die*.

Mr. Benevol. With all my heart—I was going to say I should have the honour of following you, sister, only I forgot it was such an unlucky word.

Mrs. Belwood. Come, come, brother, I don't like your pretending to misunderstand a term, that every action of your life proves you so perfectly conversant in.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. ACT. I.

Mr. FENTON's House; the Parlour. Mr. FENTON and CYNTHIA.

Cynthia. So, then, Sir, you don't insist on my marrying Mr. Dazzle.

Mr. Fenton. Certainly not; it would be of great advantage to me to trouble myself about leaving you an unincumbered estate, if you were to be united to an old worn out debauchee—I should have a charming prospect for an heir!!!

Cynthia. Then I have been very much mistaken, Sir.

Mr. Fenton. Very much, believe me—No, no, girl, I wish only to cajole the old fool: but you must however act with so much caution, that he may not suspect there is any duplicity in the business; for if he does, farewell my design on the nabob's widow.

Enter Mr. CRAYON in a great burry, with Chalks, &c. in his Hand.

Crayon. Sir—Mr. Warren, Sir—I am not accustomed to such treatment, I assure you; either keep your chattering baboons in order, or I'll chalk none of your ball room floor, I promise you.

Mr. Fenton. Why in such a passion, Mr. Crayon?

Crayon. Passion, Sir!!—I have good cause to be in a passion—to see a rascally soup maigre scoundrel rubbing out gods and demigods, altars and vases, that were fitter for the Vatican collection, than ornaments for a floor—

Enter

Enter CHANTILLON.

Chantillon. Who, you mean me, by one soup maigre scoundrel—you poor daub of de floor—you monsieur painter in de chalk—

Mr. Fenton. What is the meaning of all this bustle?

Crayon. I—I, a daub of de floor! You chattering monkey—you apology for a man—I—I a daub of de floor.—Sir, I desire to be paid for my trouble—I, Sir, that am giving dinners to be made an associate, and propose to treat with turtle, till I become a member, and then president of the Royal Academy, to be insulted by a French pigtail.

Chantillon. What be de French pigtail?

Mr. Fenton. Mr. Crayon, I am very sorry to find that you are either hurt in your feelings as a gentleman, or interrupted in your employment as an artist: but be pleased to assign a cause for this disturbance.

Chantillon. Vat! he not paint de floor, vid de bouquet and de motto.

Crayon. Paint de devil and de motto—is Mr. Crayon, the very mirror of painters, to be treated like a child, to have a hornbook held before him? (*sings*)

Egad, when I take up my brush,
With the canvass display'd on my eezels;
The critics retreat with a blush,
And creep to their garrets like weezels:

Talk of pictures made out of old cloth,
Or landscapes design'd by a poker!
But, that's nothing to what I bring forth,
When a beauty I paint with brown ochre.

I scorn to be led by dame Nature,
Or the rules of a fusty old master;

Whilst, boldly I daub o'er each feature,
All the world like diaculum plaister.

If you can't tell a nose from an eye,
So think it a flaw, or defect ;
With a look of contempt, *Sir, says I,*
That's the happiest touch of effect.

Sir—Mr. Fenton, you are a gentleman, and should protect the fine arts—you are a man that has travell'd, and seen the world, and should be a critique in these matters.

Mr. Fenton. Indifferent, Sir—

Crayon. Well, Sir—you'll excuse me, Sir—but I am rather warm—French rascal !! ——as I was saying—Mr. Fenton, Sir,—I had bespangled the room with all the stars in the firmament—every constellation, Sir ;---the Great Bear drawn to nature, and the Little Bear the very cub of its mother. Between the wandering planets there were beautiful wreaths of jessamine, entwin'd with sweet sinelling honey suckles ; and then clustered with roses and lilies, bound with convolvulus knots, they formed a rich and fragrant border. In the center, Sir, was a happy design in honour of the day—the birth of Venus—there she was, dripping wet, having just emerged from the ocean, floating on a large oyster shell ; but supposed to be affected by the motion of the waves, she spouts forth a rich cascade of violets, which Cupid, who rides astride a fine cod, receives in a porcelain dish ; whilst Britannia in the character of Neptune, riding on a whale, thumps her on the back, to prevent suffocation —In one corner, there was a scarce jewel—a French lap-dog, making water in a lady's muff.

Chantillon. Vat, vat, be de French lap-dog—do you mean me, you chalk of de floor—

Crayon.

Crayon. See, Sir, see—Mr. Fenton, I will not be interrupted in this manner—

Chantillon. Ah, but me will interrupt—me do vat me please—me snap my fingers at you.

Mr. Fenton. Very true, Chantillon---but you must allow Mr. Crayon the liberty of speech as well as you.

Crayon. Then in the corner forming the transverse angle, there was a cow, kicking a milk maid on the nose, and setting it a bleeding—while beside her lay a pail overturned, and such a stream of rich milk, that you would conceive it thick enough to convert into a cream cheese—then, Sir, in another angle was a pleasing little jewel, bright in its tints, and happy in its execution. Love, and time pelting one another with snow-balls, in the shape of ladies' hearts—then, Sir, I was designing a beautiful chef d'œuvre, of brilliant keeping, abounding in imagery, chaste in its colouring, and standing out in chiaro oscuro—where mirth and dissipation, charming as angels, were kicking morality and virtue, ugly as the devil, down the stairs ascending the temple of fame. In that critical moment, in came this baboon; and cursing me and my art; rubs flowers, temples, constellations, planets, time, cupid, and the snow-ball hearts all to nothing---but zounds, Sir, I must be paid for my trouble—

Mr. Fenton. Chantillon, how dare you presume to behave so impertinently?

Chantillon. Impertinently!—ma foi—me please myself; he put no bouquets, nor de pretty mottos—it was all de temple, and de bagatelle—me want de bouquet here, and de motto dere—and de motto here, and de bouquet dere—and so on, here and dere, and dere and here, and here and dere—it be one grand assemblage.

Mr. Fenton. Well, faith, Chantillon there is something light and whimsical in the fancy—and I am sure Mr.

Crayon

Crayon must prefer foreign taste to the dull ennue of English genius; and upon the whole, I dare say he will adopt the idea, with some trifling variation.

Crayon. Who, I Sir—I—I, go to the continent for ideas—Mr. Fenton, I am not to be trifled with—do you wish to render me contemptible to futurity—my drawings would be considered as only fit to be hung on a string among the ballads along privy garden wall—not, Sir, as I have them now, hung by esquires, gentlemen of liberal and polite manners in the exalted regions of Somerset place.

Chantillon. Vat be de region, vat be de noise about all this nonsense—give me de chalk—me draw de bouquet and de motto—me will shew vat be charming—

Mr. Fenton. Come, come, I am sure Mr. Crayon won't be so unreasonable as not to comply with my wishes—

Crayon. Comply!! Sir I'd as soon have my head stuck among the miniatures in the sculpture room, where the light must shine through a man's body before he can see his picture—Sir, I will be concise—there is seventy pounds to be paid for my trouble—

Cynthia. Seventy pounds, Mr. Crayon!!—

Mr. Fenton. Seventy pounds!!

Chantillon. Ha, seventy pounds Monsieur Crayon!

Crayon. Yes, Sir, seventy pounds, and dog cheap too—yes, Sir, I say, dog cheap: Lord Courtley gave me a hundred, for just sketching a design so light, that the first whisk of my lady Oldrumple's damask petticoat puffed it all into dust, and made it as clean as the palm of my hand—that, to be sure was in August, light and airy for the season—

Cynthia. For shame, for shame—excuse me, papa, but this must not be—gracious heavens! pay seventy pounds for chalking a floor—!!! Sir, you give this ball in honour

honour of me, and for my amusement—but believe me, it will be very poor satisfaction for me to reflect; that every step I take across the room, I destroy a sum, that, if laid out in another way, might either pay an honest tradesman, or make many a child of poverty invoke a blessing on our heads. (*sings*)

Since heaven bestows all the wealth we possess,
It should fall like the dew, to nurture and bless—
Should cherish the blossom, fresh drooping its head,
And the willow, upraise from the shades of the dead.

The benevolent heart may modestly say,
As Aurora's fair dawn,
Fresh beams on the lawn,
“*My hand shall relieve the distress of the day.*”

With a mind so intent, as he walks from the door,
His footsteps are trac'd by the smiles of the poor :
He cheers modest worth, without probing its pain,
And no object of woe, seeks a blessing in vain.

He may back to his mansion, then cheerfully tread,
As the fading of light,
Draws the shades of the night ;
And a heart full of bliss be the guide to his bed.

Crayon. Very well, madam—so you abuse the most elegant fashion of the day.

Cynthia. Ah, no Sir, but the highest pitch of folly, dissipation and vice—pardon me, Mr. Crayon, I am very young, and therefore little qualified to decide in the errors of fashion; but you must excuse a heart un-hacknied in vice, if it pleads against a luxury that so daringly tramples on reason and humanity.

Chantillon. By gar, me don't understand a word of all dat !!

Crayon.

Crayon. No, faith, nor I either.

Mr. Fenton. Ah, but I do, and feel it too—Cynthia, sweet girl, come to your father's arms—I am not ashamed to stand corrected, even by my child, when I feel my folly (*kisses her*)—Mr. Crayon, if you please to let me see the mischief complained of, and the labour you have been at: I shall certainly pay you agreeably to your deserts, since I have been so silly to engage in it.

Crayon. Pay me according to my deserts!!!—Sir, I would not give a farthing for my deserts, as you may please to estimate them: who is to judge of my deserts but myself, Sir?—Sir, I know my own abilities better than any man living, and, Sir, I have modesty enough to undervalue them—the very vomit of violets was worth the whole seventy pounds.

Mr. Fenton. Very well, Sir, we shall see, Sir—come, my dear—(*going*)

Crayon. You shall see, Sir!!—you shall see!!—what do I care what you see—(*following*)

Chantillon. Alons don—oh, by gar you shall see very little now—for me dance de coupe magnifique over de whole ting—de tulips and de milk all go to the devil.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. ACT I.

SCENE the Hall. CHANTILLON and CRAYON.

Chantillon. Ha, ha, Monsieur de Chalk—Morbleu, I am to see you out—you be one great rogue—

Crayon. You be one miserable varlet—so take that kick for yourself, and that for your master, and that for your boquets—

[*Exit in a passion.*

Chantillon.

Chantillon. Ha, ha, he kick me in de breech, begar—ha, ha—fort mauvais—but me got him turn'd out, dat be one grand exploit, huzza—(*a rap at the door*)—ho, von rap—ma foi—me peep through the key hole—me don't like de kicks—dere be very bad fun to be got from Monsieurs de Chalk—(*speaks through the key hole*)—who be dere—ha, 'tis one livery servant—(*opens the door*)

Enter SCAMPER as a Servant.

Scamper. Is your mistres at home?

Chantillon. My mistres!—who be my mistres—me be Monsieur Chantillon—me live in dis house for de good company to Monsieur Fenton—vat you mean—

Scamper. Then, Sir, would you please to call one of the servants, I wish to speak personaly to the lady of the house.

Chantillon. Ha, ha—c'estune autre chose—ho, me understand—to madamoselle Fenton—oh, she be bon gout, bonne bouche—and all dat is bon in this world—
you must see her yourself!—'tis one affair of gallantry
—ver well, ver well—

As he is going out enter Miss FENTON.

Cynthia. Chantillon, your master calls you.

Chantillon. Ha! vous, vous meprenez, you mean Monsieur, your papa—me be no servant, me be his gentleman at large; and me only bargain for de wages, merely to prevent Monsieur from lying under de compliment to me.

Cynthia. I dare say he is very sensible of the obligation.

[*Exit Chantillon.*]

—Young man, I think I heard you inquire particularly for me—

Scamper.

Scamper. Yes, Madam, I have a letter that I was ordered to deliver into your own hands.

Cynthia. A Letter! from whom, pray?

Scamper. You'll excuse me, madam—You shall shortly know—in the mean time, you may be assured, there is nothing improper in the contents; and I have orders to wait your commands, if I can be of any service to you.

Cynthia. (*Seemingly much embarrass'd, having read the letter.*)—Sir, you must excuse me from putting implicit confidence, at present, in an anonymous letter of so singular a nature—but if you know any thing relative to the contents, and call on me this evening, with proper credentials from your master, you shall be thankfully rewarded for your pains—

Scamper. I shall certainly obey your orders, madam—madam, your servant—

Cynthia. Good gracious, how my heart beats—what can this mean—(*reads*)

MADAM,

Your inexperience in life, is likely to lead you into an error, that *may* ruin your peace of mind, and *must* certainly hurt your character for ever—an elopement from a parent's house, is never reputable; but particularly disgraceful, when it takes place for answering the purposes of villainy—a few days, nay a few hours may develope the mystery—in the mean time, avoid as much as possible the company of a villain, who wishes to seduce you from the paths of rectitude—the implicit confidence I have in your good sense prevents me from being more explicit.

Sincerely a friend.

What can all this mean—peace, peace,—my heart—sure Frederick is no villain—impossible—yet I don't know—he has of late acted with much levity—and I have been

been taught a lesson of dissipation this morning, that tells me, pleasure may be too dearly bought. (*sings*)

When the morning of life, thus opens with pain,
The traveller wanders through deserts in vain;

Of his prospects bereft,

In a wilderness left,

Each step that he takes, he must number by woes;
And only seek ease, from a night of repose.

Enter FANNY.

Fanny. Oh, dear Miss, my heart is broke—my heart is broke—pray do speak to your papa to discharge me.

Cynthia. Fanny what's the matter—tell me, my poor girl—have I done any thing to make your place uneasy to you?

Fanny. Oh, dear Miss—no—you are the sweetest young lady—no, but James, to whom I have been engaged this whole year, now that he finds I am fond of him, makes me his laughing stock; and is going to marry Bridget the dairy maid.

Cynthia. O Fanny, Fanny, I believe we women are all fools—

Fanny. And he has set Monsieur Chantillon on me, who has been so rude to me—I would blush to tell you what he said—I'm sure my heart is breaking—

Cynthia. I assure you I am myself in a similar predicament—I cannot advise you Fanny at present, but shall take the earliest opportunity to speak to him.

Enter Cook followed by CHANTILLON.

Cook. Put oil and garlic into a goose pie!! I'll tell you what, you French dog, I'll fry your brains for you—

Chantillon. Toll, loll de roll, loll de toll, loll, &c.—oui, oui, me make de nice sauce for de pie—

D

Cynthia.

Cynthia. What can be the occasion of all this noise? are we to have no peace, Sir, in this house since you came to it?

Chantillon. Toll, loll de roll, loll, &c.

Cook. Miss, who can avoid making a noise—this fellow has spoil'd all my dishes—I'll not stay another day in this house, if I am not to be master of my own kitchen.

Enter BUTLER.

Butler. Monsieur Chantillon—either my master must find you an employment, or I shall quit his service—

Cynthia. What has he been doing?

Butler. Doing! why Miss, as much mischief, as if a bear had been let loose about the house—he has gone, and mixed all my wine, and thrown the plate from the sideboard, into a corner of the room—

Chantillon. Tut, tut—dat be all de bagatelle—me make de grand tokay of de cider, and de port, and de white wine—and it be all de wrong fashion, to have de plate on de sideboard, in de place of de pocket—

Enter KITCHEN MAID.

Kitchen maid. Mr. Cook, Mr Cook—there is the French gentleman has let loose the house dog, and he is eating up all the pheasants and fowl in the larder—and he has torn the roasting pig from off the spit—

Cook. Go on—go on—merry be his heart—he may have the whole dinner to his own seasoning, for what I care.

Chantillon. Huzza—Monsieur, de big dog, be another gentleman at large—noting shall be confin'd in dis house, begar.

Cynthia. Go instantly with your complaints to my father; his behaviour is intolerable; but you know I never

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never interfere in any of my father's domestic arrangements—Fanny, come in with me. [Exit with Fanny.

Cook. Well, the devil may dress the dinner for me, and the supper into the bargain—you poor half eaten shrimp, for a farthing I'd broil you like a spatch cock.

[Exit cook.

Butler. Damned, insolent paultroons! coming over here to teach people a new method of living—ecod, I suppose knives and spoons must go out of fashion, and we are now to sup broth with a fork—but I'll tell you what, you ugly scare-crow, if I find you meddling with my sideboard again, I'll grind you down like an old case knife. [Exit.

Chantillon. (sings)

Ha, ha, see
What it be,
To be me—
Begar, de all swear,
And tear
All dere hair ;
Parceque, me do brag,
And bustle and swag,
Just as if all de house was my own—
Me rumble de plate,
Let de dog eat de meat,
And me rub all de chalk off de room ;
Me kiss de nice maid,
Ha, ha, who's afraid ?
Me live better here den at home.

Dere, me eat,
Pauvre meat,
For a treat—
Dere, me liv'd so bare,

D 2

Dat

Dat air
 Was my fare ;
 My coat mauvais bad,
 No breeches me had,
 And von towel be de shirt of my own.
 From France me did run,
 Where dey gave me a gun,
 But de dog should take care of his bone :
 Now me strut like de king,
 Ha, ha, I'm de ting,
 Me live better here den at home.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. ACT II.

SCENE Servants' Hall, in Mr. DAZZLE's House.

James. How the devil should I know any thing about the matter? I never go near his room—you manage your own affairs between you—

Francis. I don't know what the deuce to do—there are three of them lost—

James. Then give him three of your own, for what I care—I am sure three old teeth would be little worth the pocketing—

Francis. I tell you, it's not the value of the teeth, but he can't go to the ball without them—

James. I tell you in turn, he may stay at home then, and drink some caudle---it will do him more good than dancing---but in short, I am not to look after other people's business---I suppose Jenny has swept them into the fire---in short, I neither know, or care, any thing about them

them---I hate to hear such a bustle made for such nonsense—

Francis. Yes, yes, it may be nonsense to you---but I may lose my place in consequence—here, Jenny---Mrs. Jenny.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. What's all this splutter and fuss---Mr. *Francis*, the Lord bless us, you make such a pother!!! You are always as busy as a hen with one chicken, as the saying is—and heaven knows a pretty bone he is for the devil to pick.

Francis. Very well, Mrs. Jenny---I see the end of all these airs—when old men get young house-keepers—

Jenny. As you say, Mr. *Francis*, *they should find employment for them !!*—is it not so?

Francis. You are very smart, Mrs. Jenny; but perhaps for want of the sort of employment you wish, you have been engaged in mischief—there are three of my master's false teeth that can't be found high nor low—

Jenny. Ecod, and it would be no great matter if his false tail had followed them—*Pug*, the monkey, brought it out of his room the other morning, and I found him scrubbing the outside of an old fish kettle with it, in the skulldugery—

Francis. Nay, I am certain you have been playing some pranks in my master's dressing-room---but look to your place, Mrs. Jenny—

Jenny. Marry, come up---it's a great matter truly to keep his place—I should be glad to know, Mr. *Francis*, since you are his secretary, and fac totum, as they call it, who is to pay us for staying here?

James. Yes, so I say, Mrs. Jenny---it's fine doings, living like a prince at other people's expence.

Francis. Ay, but what is all this to fay to the teeth?

Jenny. Hang his teeth—let him get an old skewer from Cookey---the colour will just match his old stumps.

(*The bell rings.*)

Francis. There, now there it is---what the devil shall I do—edad, it's easy talking for you; but I don't like to part from the old beau, while there are any superfluous suits in his wardrobe.

James. They tell me he will be ousted the next election, and so he wished to be made a peer to prevent him from paying his debts, and has voted against the minister ever since for refusing him.

Jenny. Better make a Lord Chancellor of him, say I—the poor old sinner wants to be wrapt up warm---and his grey pate would be hid most charmingly under a full bottom'd periwig—Pray, has he lost his cork calves too, Mr. Francis? You'll have rare pickings of unnatural curiosities when he dies—oh, how I long for Christie's hammer and a catalogue. (*sings*)

Scarce jewels, fair ladies, to be sold, of a beau,
Fine uniques of all kinds, from the top to the toe---

A going, a going, a going.

Lot the first---a fine eye, with an eye-lid and socket;
Oh, charming, to keep a fine eye in one's pocket !!

A going, &c.

So brilliant and chaste, not a pearl nor a flaw;---
Lot the second, contains a whole under jaw.

A going, &c.

Enamell'd so nice, so clear, so uncommon---
Pretty traps for Eland Mange, or snares for fine
women.

A going, &c.

Then

THE BIRTH NIGHT.

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Then an upper jaw tooth----quite a delicate peg ;
With lot the third---two calves to fit any leg.

A going, &c.

Here's a back bracer, made of the best German steel,
With item, two side curls, and a slender pigtail.

A going, &c.

Then the last lot is all of the beau that remains,
His bones without marrow, and a skull without brains.

A going, &c.

Francis. I wish you would hold your clack, Mrs.
Jenny—

Jenny. Come now, but tell me truth---when he gets
out of his bed in the morning, does not he look for all
the world like an half-eaten anchovy ?

James. Ay, or a withered peaspod---or a dried
mushroom—

Jenny. Or the bones of a broiled mackerel bedevill'd
after dinner—

Francis. Very well, good people, very well—
you are a wit, Mrs. Jenny—(old Dazzle calls)

Dazzle. Francis, I say, Francis---is Francis below
there---why don't some of you answer ?

Jenny. Law, Sir, we are all so busy looking for
your honour's teeth—Francis, why don't you answer
your master ?

Francis. I'm coming, Sir, coming, Sir—
I wish your tongue was shorter by the half, you impudent hussay.

Jenny. Mr. Francis says you must have swallowed
them this morning in your chocolate—

Francis. Who, I ?---I vow to heaven, Sir, it's a lie
---impertinent jade—

Dazzle. Why don't you come up stairs, Sir ?

Francis

Francis. Coming, Sir,—I wish his teeth were in his throat, with a vengeance—*(going out Jenny calls after him)*—

Jenny. Mr. Francis, Mr. Francis---you have forgot, Mr. Francis---*(Francis returns)*---here is the oil flask to supple the old gentleman's joints with.

Francis. Insolent baggage!—

Jenny. *A going, a going, a going*---ha, ha, poor Mr. Francis—*(they both burst out a laughing, and exit severally)*

SCENE II ACT II.

SCENE a Parlour in Mr. DAZZLE's House.
Seignor CAPERINO and Servant.

Caperino. Vill you tell de Seignor, your master, all de world wait for me—me give but one quarter of de hour for de five guinea.

Servant. I don't know where the devil you'll find them in this house---*(aside)*---I'll take care to inform my master, Sir—

[Exit.]

Caperino. Dis English air agree vid my constitution ver well---pon my word very decent living in it, for de Barbarians that inhabit it. *(dances and hums an Italian air)*

Enter Old DAZZLE in his Night Cap and Morning Gown.

O. Dazzle. *(Speaking to himself)* Five guineas for quarter of an hour---odso, I have no time to lose---ha, Seignor, yours in altissimo---I was in such a hurry to attend you, that I came in as you see, quite undressed----

Caperino.

Caperino. Ver glad to see you, Sir---me make no mention of de deshabille---la, la, la----

Dazzle. They kept me up so late in the house of commons last night, upon some damned question which I did not understand, that I am half dead---I had the satisfaction to vote against the minister out of pure spite, because, though he saw I was asleep, he made such a confounded long argumentative speech, that he kept me full two hours longer from White's than I intended---besides I hate to be convinced against my will---rot the country, what is it to me—

Caperino. Ver sorry, Seignor---dis be no concern of mine---me care as little for de country, as you do---me take de money out of it, dat be all my busines—

(sings)

If dey give me de guinea, me give dem de sense,
To find out, it contain de pound, shillings and pence;
With one eye me can see in its face dere be writ,
“ Dis be very good pledge for de money and wit.”

With a tit, diddle, liddle,
And a scrape on the fiddle,
With de skull, like a riddle,
All empty in middle----

Me get a new patent for essence of caper,
A cure for de gout, rheumatize, and de vapour;
It will teach you to stare de man full in de face,
And, as Chesterfield says, to stand still vid a grace.

With a tit, liddle, diddle, &c.

Me learn you to bow, to scrape, and be civil,
And drive away modesty all to the devil;
And if vid de fine lady, your suit you'd advance,
You must first come to dear Caperino to dance.

With a tit, liddle, diddle, &c.

Dazzle.

Dazzle. Well, Seignor, since we are such a good match in politics, I wish you could make me match you in dancing—You see, Seignor, a little love frolic engages me to night, and I wish to be somewhat lively, or so—you know how to ogle, and cut with the graces—now I wish to be taught a few kicks for a ball this evening.

Caperino. De few kicks !!---ha, me knows noting about de kicks !!---me have de pensero step, and de movement l'allegro—you take notice, Seignor---tee, tee, tee, didle de tee---dere be de grand coupe in alto---ala de grand Duke of Tuscany---den de coupe finale---ala de puissant Grace de Duchess—

Dazzle. Charming, charming---encore, encore---bravissimo upon my soul—

Caperino. Give me you hand, Seignor,---now, one foot to shake over de left toe---so---toll, loll, loll de loll, &c.---den de coupe---so---den turn vid de grace, and alamonde---so---now, Seignor, von grand spring---la, la, la, &c.—oh, my word, Seignor, you be ver stiff about de joints.

Dazzle. Stiff! ay, to be sure I am---Zooks, I'm bound up in these damned braces—

Caperino. Me cannot tell about de braces; but, Seignor, you may give me credit when me say, you be not one supple man—if you please, try again---nothing so easy—(sings)

Believe me, Seignor, dere be noting in it,
Eider de cotillion or de minuet,
Moving vid de fine grace, de arm and de toe,
Or de grand coupe in alto, ho, ho.

In de place of de lead,
In de toe and de head,

You

You must all be de vapour and gas ;---
 de muscle and de bone
 Must quiver to de time,
 And be your own shade in de glafs.

Dazzle. Damn it, this fellow is going to sing me out of my five guineas---(*aside*)---once more, if you please—

Caperino. Toll, loll de loll la---dere, just de little cut over de toe——one coupe---la, la, la, &c.

Dazzle. Damn it, another coupe, as you call it, will shake me out of my existence---if one of my straps gives way, I shall fall to pieces——zooks, what a cramp in my toe---damn it, don't come near me man——

(*roars with pain*)

Caperino. Vat de matter, Seignor ?

Dazzle. *Vat be de matter !!*——the matter, why, why---oh, oh, ay, egad it will do---I'm all in a perspiration---hang it, this gown is in my way---I shall never caper at this rate---(*throws it aside and discovers his straps*) Now, Sir, we shall do better——

Caperino. Ha, me see de great prevention, Seignor---me look for de knife to cut a few of dese tings.

Dazzle. What the devil, cut my gallowes---damn it, man, you might as well cut my throat---they keep me together.

Caperino. Oh, you be bound up fitter for de mummy Egyptian, den de coupe in alto——

Dazzle. I think I could master a minuet---that seems to be my fort.

Caperino. As you please, Seignor---den for la minuetto---la, la, la---la, la, la---le, la de lidle, didle la---turn out your toes, if you please---oh, Seignor, dat left leg be ver sluff.

Dazzle

Dazzle. Stiff!---and what the devil busineſs has he to be otherwiſe; if one leg follows the other that's ſufficient---death, I will never master it.

Enter FRANCIS.

Francis. Sir---Mr. Belwood——

Dazzle. Who---what---Mr. Belwood, did you ſay? you did not tell him I was at home, eh——

Francis. Why, Sir, you did not desire me to ſay to the contrary.

Dazzle. Did not ſay to the contrary!---ſtupid dog---here, help me on with my gown---you blockhead!!---oh, Seignor, I ſhall be extremely obliged to you to ſit down for a moment---I---I---I dare ſay the gentleman won't ſtay above two or three minutes.

Caperino. To be ſure, Seignor, me ſit out de reſt of de time vid pleasure; two minutes and von half just do for me---la, la, la---la, la, la, &c.---(*sits down and ſings*)

Dazzle. Seignor, Seignor, if you please, don't, don't, I ſhould not wiſh to let the gentleman know---you understand me?

Caperino. Ver well, me understand——

Enter BELWOOD.

Dazzle. Ha, my old friend Belwood---how do you do?---damn it, I am quite out of breath——(*afide*)

Mr. Belwood. I am very happy to ſee you, Mr. Dazzle; I hope I have the pleasure of ſeeing you in health——you ſeem rather warm, Sir——

Dazzle. Oh, a trifle, Mr. Belwood, a trifle, only a little heated with a political ſubject, I was diſcūlting with my friend here——but you can't think how happy I am, that this foolish rencounter turn'd out no worse——hope, you have enjoyed your health on the continent---hope, your

your time was pleasantly spent---hope Mrs. Belwood is very well---have not seen her this age —— I'm quite out of breath ——

Mr. Belwood. Sir, I am very much obliged to you for your kind inquiries---I found Mrs. Belwood in good health and spirits---as for my stay on the continent, I cannot say it was so pleasantly engaged---affairs there are rather of too serious a cast—besides, my anxious situation rendered my tour very irksome ; a traveller's time can't be pleasantly spent where there are so many mutual jealousies and distrusts.

Dazzle. Suppose not, Sir---suppose not---warm work going forward there——what's your opinion of these disasters, disturbances and innovations that have inflamed the several states of Europe.

Mr. Belwood. Mr. Dazzle, I confess myself no politician---it is none of my business to dive into troubled waters, as long as I see Great Britain secure amidst the general confusion, and smile upon her enemies—while in my own family, I enjoy the sunshine of domestic happiness, I shall never interfere in political revolutions.

Dazzle. Suppose not, Sir, suppose not.

Mr. Belwood. I confess to you, Mr. Dazzle, my present visit was not intended as a visit of ceremony---I call'd to speak to you on a matter of moment ——

Dazzle. Very happy to see Mr. Belwood on any matter, either of business or pleasure, that he may think proper to communicate.

Mr. Belwood. I am very sensible, Sir, of your conciliating deportment, and obliged to you for your good wishes ; and, depending on your known character for politeness, especially to your friends, I came to speak to you on a subject, which very nearly concerns the happiness of both our houses.

Dazzle. Nay, nay, my friend, you are going to compliment me — any thing particular?

Mr. Belwood. Why, Sir, as I understand that the business alluded to has already met the public ear, and, as this gentleman in consequence can be no stranger to it, I shall take the liberty to open the subject, and am not sorry that a third person is present.

Caperino. Oh, me, vait de minuet---me have no objection---as soon fit as dance — (looking at his watch)

Mr. Belwood. Your son, Sir, has in my absence, very much to his discredit, presumed to injure my character in a most delicate point, by attempting to throw the odium of the late unfortunate transaction at my door.

Dazzle. Has he so?

Mr. Belwood. Sir, I fancy you must know it is a matter of public notoriety, " that he has propagated a report, that the unhappy quarrel alluded to, instead of resulting from the insult offered to Mrs. Belwood, was occasioned by his resenting my conduct, in attempting to calumniate the character of Miss Fenton."

Dazzle. The dog — well, you cut his throat of course —

Mr. Belwood. Sir —

Mr. Dazzle. I say, you cut his throat of course — must not I understand you so?

Caperino. Vat! cut the gentleman's throat !!!

Mr. Belwood. You surprize me, Sir !! —

Dazzle. Perhaps I don't understand you, Sir ?

Mr. Belwood. I believe, Mr. Dazzle, I spoke pretty intelligibly.

Mr. Dazzle. Why, faith, I thought so too---then why do I surprize you? Pray, what would you have me to do? ---you come to me for advice, I suppose---considering me, as you were pleased to say, a mutual friend

to both houses—and, upon my soul, acting not only in that sense of the word, but as a general friend to mankind, I give it as my firm opinion; that to cut that young scoundrels throat, would be an act of charity to society at large—

Mr. Belwood. Oh, you are jocular Mr. Dazzle! nay, but I assure you, Sir, this is a very serious matter—

Mr. Dazzle. I know it—you must stand a trial in consequence—that's serious enough to be sure—but it's only making a friend of the sheriff, and getting a pack'd jury—as for evidence, I'll appear for you myself—sink me but I will—don't fear cutting off an heir from my estate—I propose marrying next week, and want this dog out of the way, that I may be more at home in regard to marriage settlements—and then, you know, I shall get heirs in plenty—zooks man, if you live long enough, you may be a second Achilles, and destroy the whole brood, one after the other—

Caperino. Ha! dere be just de von quarter of de hour—Seignor, my five guinea if you please—*(rises)*

Dazzle. He will soon be going—a few minutes longer, if you please—*(aside to Caperino)*

Caperino. Me won't stay de quarter of de minuet—my time, is my time—and though you do not dance the grand figure alamonde, or de coupe magnifique, ala de grand Duke of Tuscany—dat be not my fault—

Dazzle. For heaven's sake, Seignor, be quiet for a moment—*(aside)*

Caperino. Dat moment may be worth ten thousand pound if I do break my engagements—

Dazzle. Curse the scoundrel—*(rises in a passion)*—Mr. Belwood, I beg your pardon for a few minutes, till I see my friend to the door—

Caperino. Yes, yes, me get my five guinea—your humble servant, Seignor—la, la, la, la, la, de la, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

Mr. Belwood. I believe in my conscience that is Caperino the opera dancer—what a time of life for the propagation of folly? I find to ask him to give advice to his son, would be an absurdity; as it would be only reprehending one scoundrel, through the medium of another.

(*Sings*)

The poet, who carefully cypher'd each stage,
That trac'd the distinctions on earth,
By th' actions, in which, we were known to engage
From infancy, even to death;
Would find in his portrait, no picture of truth,
Were his ashes again to appear;
Old age, being only distinguish'd from youth
By the calendar date of the year.

Enter Mr. DAZZLE.

Mr. Dazzle. Damn it, I don't believe there is another guinea in the house—well, Mr. Belwood, matters being thus amicably settled, I shall wait with patience to hear the event—you have only, to level your pistol a little higher than the last time, and shoot him through the head, instead of his body; and if the booby has any brains—why, there is an end of him!

Mr. Belwood. No, no, Mr. Dazzle, I shall take a more peaceable method—

Mr. Dazzle. Oh, any method you please Sir, if it takes effect to send him to the next world—

Mr. Belwood. Mr. Dazzle, I know the value of my life too well to barter it again for moonshine—the committing of one absurdity, shall be no temptation to repeat

it

it—the world has had the pleasure of knowing, that I am no coward; and now Sir, in future, I shall have the pleasure to despise it's opinion, at least in a matter of such moment to my family—

Dazzle. Just as you please, Mr. Belwood—egad I've stood a shot or two myself, what then? but, as to the opinion of the world, faith, I never cared a flirt of my finger—not I—sink me—

Mr. Belwood. Mr. Dazzle, I have the pleasure of wishing you good morning.

Mr. Dazzle. Good morning to you, Mr. Belwood—I should be very happy to be of service; but faith you must excuse me from interfering in any thing that regards that whelp—Sir, I am your humble servant—Oh, Mr. Belwood, we meet I suppose at Fenton's this evening? Fine ogling the handsome girls.

Mr. Belwood. I am afraid I sha'n't have that pleasure—
(going)

Mr. Dazzle. Here, Francis, shew Mr. Belwood to the door—pray, my best compliments to Mrs. Belwood—toll, loll de loll de doll—*(cuts a caper)*—oh, curse the gout, skipping won't do; well, then for the penserofo—la, la, la, la, la, la—

[Exit after Mr. Belwood in a minuet step.

SCENE III. ACT II.

Miss FENTON and FANNY. Miss FENTON's own Chamber.

Cynthia. Why, Fanny, if you are content to take him on such terms, well and good ; but what happiness can you possibly promise yourself from a match of compulsion ?

Fanny. Oh, dear Madam, you are too good to me — but if you knew how I love him —

Cynthia. Well, well, that's all your own concern ; all I can say is, I wish you happier than I fear you are likely to be, with a man of his stamp, or a match of such restraint.

Fanny. Oh, but I am sure he will make a very good husband, Madam !

Cynthia. I hope from my heart you may find it so — what am I to think of Frederick's conduct ? Pray, Fanny, are you sure young Mr. Dazzle has not called, and that I have not been informed ?

Fanny. I am very certain, Madam, he has not — the Lord help me, Madam, he has not been here this age !!

Cynthia. This neglect will soon complete my opinion of him ; I wish I had not been so hasty — and now I have forfeited the esteem of the only friend that I could have applied to for advice. (*Sings*)

Oh, my Fanny, when young, with what grief we complain,
That a mother's fond tie is a heart-breaking chain !

But,

But, how often, alas ! are we left to deplore,
That this link of affection can bind us no more !

In a bark sent adrift, without pilot or guide,
With our sails all unfurl'd to the wind and the tide ;
Then, how often, in vain, with a sigh we look round,
And lament for the anchor that held us aground !

A mother's blest tomb every day we should view,
As containing a guardian and monitor too :
Ev'ry action and thought be with nicety weigh'd,
And a dread to incur the reproof of her shade :

Thus, may tender mementos arise from her grave,
To re-echo, each day, the instruction she gave
Virtue's lesson, be taught from the vault's dreary gloom,
And prudence find wisdom even speak from the tomb.

I feel myself quite unhinged —— (*sits down*)

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Mr. Belwood, Madam, sends up his respects, and desires to know, would it be inconvenient to see you ?

Cynthia. Mr. Belwood !

Servant. Yes, Madam, Mr. Belwood.

Cynthia. How can I see him ? My heart presages some unpleasant news : but meet it, I am determined — where is Mr. Belwood ?

Servant. In the drawing room, Madam.

Cynthia. Give him my compliments, and say, I shall wait on him — (*exit servant*) — Oh, Fanny, I am ashamed to see him ; I am totally unprepared for such an interview ; but I will rally my spirits — Fanny, you may attend me, I dare not be alone with him, I have been thrown into such a flutter —

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV. ACT. II.

Miss FENTON and Mr. BELWOOD bow, &c.
FANNY ; the Parlour.

Mr. Belwood. You may be surprized, Miss Fenton, at the unseasonable visit of a man, whom Fame has made such an ill report of in his absence.

Cynthia. Ah, Sir, I fear I should rather feel the emotion of shame, than surprize, at his appearance ! — Mr. Belwood, will you do me the favour of taking a chair ? *(Sit down.)*

Mr. Belwood. I see you are dressed, Madam — perhaps I intrude —

Cynthia. By no means — pray, Sir, be seated — I am dress'd, it is true, Sir, in honour of a day, that perhaps I may have little occasion to rejoice at.

Mr. Belwood. Your birth-day, Madam, as I understand — and I sincerely hope, " that it may annually return to hail you, with peace, prosperity and health."

Cynthia. You are extremely polite, Sir.

Mr. Belwood. No, Madam, but I am extremely sincere — but to the main point of my visit — Miss Fenton, can the name of Frederick Dazzle, connected with a dishonourable term, offend you ?

Cynthia. Ah ! spare me a moment's reflection ! — " Gracious spirit of an adored mother ! if still thy child can be the object of thy maternal care, hover round her orphan head ; and instruct her to act consistent with candour and truth." —

Mr.

Mr. Belwood, I think you ask'd me, " if uniting dishonour to Frederick Dazzle's name could offend me ? "

(Belwood bows)

Then, Sir, be pleased to listen to me—if Frederick Dazzle had even never offended me (which I acknowledge he has by his late misconduct) did I love him this moment with that ardour which is natural to an unguarded heart, left destitute in life— Oh ! pardon, Mr. Belwood, a tear to my mother's memory !— I say, even so—a raw girl, vain, volatile and once extremely thoughtless ; yet still there is a becoming spirit, Mr. Belwood, which circulates through every vein, and vibrates on every nerve, that would make me treat an unprincipled, or a dishonourable character, with the contempt due to the epithet ; and indignantly tear him from my memory, though my heart broke at the separation.

Mr. Belwood. Now, Miss Fenton, you please me indeed—oh, Madam, on this fair hand let me seal the kiss of friendship ; and, as this day may turn out the happiest of your life, let me again pray, " that it may annually be celebrated with an unaching heart !! "— Now, Madam, I shall speak with confidence, and with all possible brevity. I have been informed, that you were led to imagine, that a late unhappy duel was occasioned by Mr. Dazzle's resenting *my* aspersion of your conduct.

Cynthia. Your information on this point, Sir, is certainly correct—it was Mr. Dazzle's spirit (I acknowledge) on that occasion, which first made an impression on my heart—indeed, I conceived, that all the kindness I could shew him would but ill repay the pain he endured in consequence.

Mr. Belwood. Madam, I don't hesitate to speak here, what I would tell him to his face—he is a villain !!! a disgrace to humanity !!!

Cynthia.

Cynthia. Ah, Mr. Belwood, you astonish me !!

Mr. Belwood. Yes, Miss Fenton, I repeat it—a complicated villain ! it is not, Madam, a little cause could make me violate the laws of God and my country ; but what man could act with prudence in the moment he detected a ruffian, offering violence to his wife !—

(*Cynthia faints*)

Good heavens ! I have been too severe—here, girl, run for some water, for salts, for any thing——

Fanny. Oh, you have killed my mistress, Sir !

(Runs out, and returns with salts, &c. she recovers)

Cynthia. Ah ! Mr. Belwood, here—!! then it is no dream !

Mr. Belwood. Pardon me Miss Fenton, I fear I have been too cruel——

Cynthia. Ah, no, Sir, but too kind ! I am essentially hurt, Mr. Belwood, not from wounded affection, but wounded pride—to think it possible, that I should be so near a connection with the character you describe——No, no, Sir, could you read my heart, you would there find, gratitude to heaven, and thanks to my friend, written in far more legible characters, than any pain for a disappointment——

Mr. Belwood. Then you are not offended ?——

Cynthia. Offended !—!—it's impossible ; yet, yes Sir, in one sense of the word, I am—and deeply, at myself, for giving credit to the calumny so maliciously spread against your character, and that of Mr. Benevol's.

Mr. Belwood. My brother Benevol !! — Madam, this is quite new to me——

Cynthia. Indeed, Sir—then I wish it had remain'd so still——I had once a very high opinion of his character, until I had been insidiously taught to believe, that he had

wantonly

wantonly laid a plan to ruin my peace for ever, and to gain my person at the expence of my honour.

Mr. Belwood. George Benevol accused of infamy ! oh, Miss Fenton, how little do you know the man !—If there is a heart, stamped by its maker, and bearing no other impression but the seal of honour, it is Benevol's—pray, excuse my warmth—and was Frederick Dazzle his accuser ?

Cynthia. I fear indirectly so.

Mr. Belwood. Pray, Miss Fenton, be particular—how indirectly ?

Cynthia. He certainly, Sir, communicated it to the channel from whence it was conveyed to me ; and he afterwards personally confirmed it.

Mr. Belwood. Pray, Madam, am I permitted to let Mr. Benevol be acquainted with this circumstance, that he may come publicly forward to defend his character ?

Cynthia. Oh ! by no means, Mr. Belwood ! Mr. Benevol may lose his life in consequence ; or any way, my character would be publicly marked, as the mirror of coquetry and intrigue.

Mr. Belwood. Madam, I stand corrected ; but, is my brother to lie under the odium of so foul an aspersion, and not have an opportunity to assert his innocence ?

Cynthia. I am sensible, Sir, as this story was made for my private ear, it has transpired no further—to speak the truth, Mr. Belwood, I have by no means liked ~~the~~ the liberties that I have lately received from Mr. Dazzle ; and this morning an anonymous letter was put into my hands, which has alarmed me in the extreme—here it is, Sir, and your now disclosing his falsehood in one particular, convinces me that he is mean enough to be guilty of every degree of treachery : I confess to you, I lay peculiarly exposed to his insidious attacks—just emerged from a fashionable

fashionable school, where romance and vanity might be considered as the basis of my education—He practised those very arts which are most likely to attract the attention of a silly girl, too high in her own opinion, and ignorant of the true path to happiness.

Mr. Belwood. (after reading the letter) There is an insinuation contain'd, Miss Fenton, in this letter, that perhaps I misapprehend.

Cynthia. I fear I know what you allude to—and burning with shame, will presume to point out the line—yes, Sir, I blush to say I did once consent to a private marriage—oh ! heavens, what a precipice have I escaped !

Mr. Belwood. It was a verbal promise, I hope ?

Cynthia. No, Sir, there is my misfortune : he has letters of mine in his possession.

Mr. Belwood. I am sincerely sorry for it.

Cynthia. Oh, sure, Sir, you don't think he could act so meanly, as to take advantage of them ? (he shakes his head)—but I see you think so—what can I do ?

Mr. Belwood. Is there no train, by which you could discover the author of this paper ?

Cynthia. Not immediately, Sir ; I received it from a person in the habit of a footman, who promised to call on me this evening with further intelligence.

Mr. Belwood. I shall instantly go home and send Mrs. Belwood to you—I think, as she was engaged to go to Ranelagh this evening, prior to her knowledge of my arrival, she is already dreft, and a trifling alteration may suit her appearance at the ball. You must advise together ; in the mean time, it will be necessary to take no notice of any thing to young Dazzle. We must act with caution—as the world goes, art must be used in the detection of villainy.

Cynthia.

Cynthia. I fear I shall make but a poor hypocrite, and I am sensible, I shall never be able to look Mrs. Belwood in the face, after my ridiculous conduct—

Mr. Belwood. Tut, tut, little female differences are easily made up between people of sense—come, come—I'll be her security—(*rising*)—here is my hand—the same smile, I promise you, that you have ever seen on her countenance, shall gladden it this evening, more especially, as it is the birth-day of an amiable friend.

SCENE V. ACT II.

SCENE *discovers* FREDERICK DAZZLE and Companions drinking and playing Dice; a Parcel of empty Bottles roll'd upon the Floor; Mr. SCAMPER lying on the Floor, another fast asleep on the Chair: a Song by one of the Company.

Jolly Bacchus invites us, my lads, to dispense
With the old fusty rules, that they call common sense;
Such doctrine of late, is quite farcical grown;
For when drunk, we invent a new sense of our own.

CHORUS.

So we'll drink, when we're hungry, we'll drink when
we're dry;
We'll drink, we'll drink,—damn it, we'll drink till we die.

The hero is not drunk, that can crawl on all four;
Nor the lad, that has sense to hold fast by the floor;
He, alone, is benoodled, who rolls on the ground,
From the west, to the east, as the world it goes round.

So we'll drink, &c.

F

Frederick.

Frederick. A good song—split me! and sound morality in the bottom of it—hilloa, pull Tom Whimper by the nose there, he has no right to sleep, curse me—if he is cut, give him a pint bumper, and roll him on the floor with Scamper—

First Companion. Hold up, you dog—the president has fined you a bumper, for sleeping in such good company—

Second Companion. A—a—ay, for sleeping in such good company—

Whimper. I—I—I—I'll drink Mr. President's health—

(Drinks half the glass, then tumbles on the floor—they all buzz.)

CHORUS.

So we'll drink when we're hungry, &c.

Second Companion. Here is a health to the dead—

Frederick. Now Thomas, let us rattle the bones—give the box round here—Jack Fish—set you for a cool hundred—

Third Companion. Done, I say—

Frederick. Six is the main—eight the caster (throws the dice) has to fix—equal main and chance—rot me—

Third Companion. I—I—say it's a lie—eight to to fix is not equal main and chance—I say—I say eight to fix is, is—eight to fix—that's what I say—

Frederick. I appeal to the company—

Second Companion. Ay, ay—rot me—appeal to the company, Jack—

Frederick. What do you say, you rascal?—who cares what you say—I will appeal to the company if I please, and I will not appeal to them if I don't please—so clap your old carbuncled nose in your glass, and mind your own business—

Second

THE BIRTH NIGHT.

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Second Companion. I say—I say—you are a scoundrel—damn it, I say you are a cheat—

Frederick. You are an infamous liar—

(*Second companion throws a glass at him, Frederick bounces up and knocks him down.*)

Second Companion. (Lying on the floor) Murder—hil-
loa there—you lie—you—you are a damned—
you are a damn'd—I say you are a cheat—justice
there—justice—(falls fast asleep)

Fourth Companion. It was a cow—ard—ly action to strike
a man in liquor—

Frederick. Who?—do you say I am a coward?

Fourth Companion. Yes, I say you are a coward—
I'll box you for a hundred pounds—strip you paultroon
—that I will—burst me—

First Companion. I'll be your second, Dazzle.

Fifth Companion. Ay, ay—I—I'll be the bottle holder—
(*Lays hold of the decanter.*)

Frederick. Have at you for a cool thousand—I shall
make you eat your words, you dog—

(*They begin to spar—first companion on the table seiz-
ing hold of the two candles—a great noise of betting,
&c.*)

Enter LANDLORD.

Landlord. Gentlemen, gentlemen, for heaven's sake—
the whole house is alarm'd—there is a sick gentleman
above stairs—be so good—

Frederick. What does the dog say?

Landlord. I only beg you'll be so kind as to re-
member—

Fourth Companion. Ay—rot the scoundrel—what
does he say?

All. Kick him out—kick him out—

Second Companion. (Sitting up) I say, he lies—I say—ay, kick him out—kick him out—

Landlord. Pray, gentlemen—nay, pray, gentlemen—

Frederick. Down stairs with the dog—a scoundrelly tavern keeper speak to gentlemen—

(They drag him out of the room, and a great noise is occasioned by his fall.)

All. Huzza—huzza—huzza—

Frederick. Come, my lads of spirit, we've done his business—the bag of guts—let us fill another glass, then dash them all to the devil—here is—here is—“a health to confusion.”

All. “A health to confusion”—huzza, &c.

(They dash their glasses to pieces.)

Frederick. Here, help me on with my coat—now for the ball—rather late, to be sure—Here, let us drink Cynthia's health—Hey day! what shall we do for our glasses?

First Companion. The decanter—sink me—the decanter—

Frederick. Or the bottom of the candlestick—rot me—

(They turn the candlestick and drink out of the bottom.)

Here is the charming Cynthia—(they all pledge him) Now, for old Fenton's ball—ice and champaine—split me—

First Companion. I—I—I can't say as how—I—I—know the gentleman—

Frederick. Never mind, lads, never mind, I'll introduce you all as my sons—and a hopeful family I shall carry with me—rot me!—Put on your coat, you old blockhead; what would such a withered sap as you attempt to fight for?—so ho—Scamper, I see, does not think of stirring—well, damn it, we'll leave him in pledge for the bill—huzza—

(We'll drink when we're hungry, &c.) [Exit.

Scamper.

Scamper. (*Rises*) Yes, but Scamper does think of stirring—egad, I must stir quickly too, or I shall be late at Fenton's! If he goes there, in this pickle, it will answer rarely, to confirm his discredit with the fair daughter—egad, now I think of it, I'll tell the landlord where the whole covey are gone, and have him arrested for the assault—the devil is in it, if I don't touch a cool hundred, at least, for my honesty, from Benevol—here waiter, waiter—

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI. ACT II.

SCENE a Justice's Office. Clerk and Miss JUDY.

Judy. And so Billy, in the morning I shall give you the watch mama had, when she was sheriff's lady—besides, you know, I can steal half a dozen of silver spoons out of the buffet—

Clerk. Yes, do Miss Judy—then, there is an old red waistcoat of my father's, that I'll strip the lace off, and burn it; besides, there is a tankard that lies in the cupboard, which he got at a pony race, and you know I can melt it down: besides, Miss Judy, you can get at the old gentleman's pockets when he is asleep, after dinner.

Judy. And suppose, Billy, I take the key out of his escritoire—you know we can take off the impression on some chewed bread, and you can get one made by it—Oh rare! how I long to be fingering old dad's cash!----

Clerk. Yes, yes, that will do bravely—then Jack Oozle and I will have the chaise ready at the corner of the lane—and you must tie the blankets and sheets to the

bed post ; then, you see, Miss, you must draw the bed close to the window, and take care you hold fast.

Judy. Oh laws, yes, Billy ! you know it would be a wounidy bad thing if I missed my hold—then I should never see Gretna Green, nor the blacksmith parson—nor any thing —

Clerk. You must only take courage, Miss Judy.

Judy. But, Billy, you must take care not to stand under me, or, you know, you'll see my legs—oh, fie, fie, I swear I feel myself blushing all like a purple hyacinth.

Billy. Oh, you little rogue, it will be all in the dark, you know !

Judy. Will it, Billy ?—Oh dear, I am sorry for that, for I will have my white silk stockings on ! —but, Billy, mind me now, above all things, you must take great care to lay in a large store of Chelsea buns and macaronies, and you must put ten or twelve dozen of large china oranges in the chaise box—for I love oranges hugely, and I eats Chelsea buns like a pig—

Clerk. Yes, that I shall, and Jack Oozle is to bring two bottles of the best coniac out of his father's vaults, and old Mary is to boil a fine tongue for me at home ; and besides that, I know where she hid the remainder of the veal pie—so we'll be as merry as the day is long.

Judy. Laws, a laws, we shall live in clover, Billy ! Then, when I grow drowsy, you must put your hand behind my head, so—and then, I shall sleep so sweetly when we go thumping, thumping, over the pavement—laws, a laws, how I shall dream of—but I won't tell you what I'll dream of !! (*Sings.*)

O, dear, how my ribs with laughing shall grow fatter !
As thro' thick and thin o'er the pavement we clatter ;

And

And with gutter and mud the folk all bespatter,
Who pop out their noses, to see what's the matter.

CHORUS.

All the ducks in the gutter going quack, quack, quack,
While we rattle over them smack, smack, smack,
And all the old women will clack, clack, clack,
When posty sets off with his crack, crack, crack.

All the quizes will cry, what a fight we have seen !
There is Miss Judy Guzzle and Billy Maclean
In a post-chaise and pair, like a king and a queen,
Galloping off, by the firkins, to Gretna Green !!

All the ducks, &c.

Then how we shall Guzzle, and gobble, and cram
Geese, turkies and pigs, fat venison and ham,
With rashers and eggs, beef, mutton and lamb ;
And the fish shall all swim in a good hearty dram.

All the ducks, &c.

But, oh, how I long for to see the fine joke !
A smith, dreft so smug, in a parson's black cloak !!
Then, galloping home, to surprize the old folk,
We'll make dad and nuncle to bustle and croak.

All the ducks, &c.

Clerk. (A loud rapping at the door) Hey, Miss Judy !
who is this that is making such a plaguy rapping at the
outside door ?

Judy. Run, Billy, and see—oh, dear me, I hope it
may be thieves going to jail !!—I love to see my father
nab them—

(She runs behind a door—he peeps and runs back.)

Clerk. Miss Judy, Miss Judy, a whole heap of
drunken men—they will break the door down—

Judy.

Judy. Let them in, Billy—I'll stay here and peep, I loves to see drunken men, they curse and swear so, they frighten one so charmingly out of one's senses.

Enter FREDERICK and Co. dragging in a Pickpocket.

Frederick. Bring the rascal along, bring him along—here, you thick-headed dog, hang this fellow without judge or jury!—do you hear, you gaping blockhead, tuck up this dog, this pickpocket we have brought for justice.

First Companion. Yes, yes—I—I—swear he stole my watch—I like justice, Mr. President---support the chair---rot me—

Judy. (Peeps in) Laws a me, what brave fine looking gentlemen!

Pickpocket. (Aside to Billy) Master Billy, you knows I'm John the hostler of the Black Bull, who is to get your honour the chaife and horses to-morrow night— I'll steal out the best pair of nags in my master's stable for you, if you let me slip off.

Clerk. Ha, black Jack, is it you!—mum, I'll get you clear!— You must be mistaken here, good people, I know this gentleman very well.

Second Companion. Gentleman, eh!—damn me, Tom, twig the gentleman, I say—

Frederick. Send the dog to jail, send him to jail— where is old square toes?

Clerk. Sir, this is no hour for business—leave him here in custody, and call in the morning—

Frederick. Call in the morning! curse you, you dog, do you know who you speak to, eh?—

Clerk. Well, Sir, my master is asleep—he is in his bed, Sir—he has got the gout in his stomach.

First

First Companion. Sick or well, let us haul the guts out of his bed.

Clerk. Sir, now I remember he is gone to the club---

Frederick. What---sink me---gone to the club with the gout in his stomach!!---that won't do, you dog---

Enter JUDY.

Judy. Yes, indeed, papa is gone to the club.

Frederick. A fine, dashing girl, by the law of Harry ---One smack at those nice lips---

Second Companion. Ay, Fred, let us kiss old Mocus's daughter--- *(As they run to kiss her, she screams out.)*

Judy. Billy, Billy, they are kissing me ---

(Runs to the side of the stage.)

Clerk. Here, Sir, Sir---hilloa, Mr. Guzzle---

Pickpocket. Zooks, I'll give them the slip---keep my head out of the nozzle for this time--- *(Skulks out)*

Enter JUSTICE.

Justice. What is all this noise in my office for ?

Frederick. Zooks, here comes the old crab---I dare swear he has walked backwards out of the club-room.

Clerk. Sir, these gentlemen have been mauling Miss Judy.

Judy. Yes, papa, they have been touzling me all over, as if they would eat me. *(Laws, what fine kisses.)*

Justice. I'll commit them all to bridewell---unmanly ruffians---

First Companion. A fine girl, burst me---old Catchpole ---I'll---I'll give a hogshead of claret for her.

Second Companion. And I'll give---I'll give---I---I---she is a damned fine lass, for certain---

Justice. Very well, gentlemen, very well, you won't find that this matter shall end so easily with you.

Frederick.

Frederick. Where is this damn'd pickpocket?

Justice. What pickpocket? ---'s flesh, do you come here to insult me?

Clerk. Ay, Sir, what pickpocket? — Glad black John has given them the slip. *(Aside.)*

Frederick. Yes, yes, I'll catch him — Here is the dog, here he is —

(He lays hold of one of the justice's servants.)

Third Companion. Ay, Mr. Justice, I swear, as I was walking soberly, and straight along the street, so---he---he---stole---yes, he stole---and that's my evidence —

Justice. Come, come, gentleman, you had better go home until you are sober; it's a shame for you to be setting such a drunken example.

Servant. As I hope to be saved, master, I never was out of the house.

Justice. Let my servant alone, Sir---you deserve to be sent to bridewell for your drunken, disorderly conduct.

Frederick. What does old Catchpole say? ---rot me --- burn his wig --- that's the fun —

All. Burn his wig --- burn his wig --- huzza —

(They pull off his wig and kick it about the stage.)

Judy. Laws a'me, what fine fun! —

All. Huzza --- huzza —

Justice. Here, Billy, Billy, run for the constables ---

(They all run out of the door laughing and huzzaing.)

Judy. Papa, papa, the gentlemen have spoil'd your Sunday's wig.

Justice. Here, you fellow, go, and dog them --- run, you rascal — Here, daughter Judy, get me my scratch, and my hat and cane, I'll teach the puppies —

(Runs out.)

Judy. Oh, dear, what a fine flustrum! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE I. ACT III.

SCENE the Ball Room, decorated with Lamps, Festoons, &c. *discovers old DAZZLE, with his Legs on a Chair, seemingly in Pain; the whole Company dancing; Mr. BENEVOL with CYNTHIA; after the Dance Refreshments; Mr. BENEVOL leads CYNTHIA to a Chair next old DAZZLE.*

Mr. Dazzle. Very well Mr. Benevol, very well, this is perfect tantalization; but I've seen as young a man as you make a false step.

Mr. Benevol. I assure you, Sir, I am very sorry that such an accident has happened — but the fortune of war, Sir —

Cynthia. Won't you sit down, Mr. Benevol?

Mr. Benevol. Madam, I shall have that honour immediately. (*Bows and retires.*)

Mr. Dazzle. My charming Cynthia! the ecstasy of seeing you move like a goddess, and trip on the light fantastic toe, so totally absorbed all my attention, that I scarce knew whether I had been walking a minuet, or coupeing in a cotillion.

Cynthia. I hope you have not suffered much by the fall, Sir —

Mr. Dazzle. Oh, split the leg — I did not care if it had been burnt at the shrine of Venus, if I had not experienced the mortification of surrendering up, such a treasure, to the hands of another — Madam, it might now, for what I care, be hanging among the crutches in the pump room —

(*Sings.*)

(Sings.)

I value a limb as a trifle,
You, by curing the smart
Of a deep-wounded heart,
The rest of my members may rifle.

I care not a farthing, and rot me,
In joy of possessing
So charming a blessing,
If not left a leg to support me.

My bosom releas'd from despair,
Upon Cupid's fair wing
I would warble and sing,
Like the paradise bird in the air.

Cynthia. Mr. Dazzle is so polite! —

(*Mrs. Belwood comes up.*)

Mrs. Belwood. Cynthia, my dear, I wish to speak to you —

Mr. Dazzle. Madam, nobody has a right to say "my dear" to this charmer, but myself---not even a female—I am a monopolizer of perfection —

Cynthia. For a moment, if you please, Sir---(*Rises.*)

Mr. Dazzle. Madam, that moment is a perfect rape of time---it is a gap in eternity —

(*She comes forward with Mrs. Belwood.*)

Mrs. Belwood. Now, my Cynthia, confess to me, did you feel any want of Frederick's Company this evening?

Cynthia. Don't ask me---I wish, as uncle Toby says, "I wish I was asleep."

Mrs. Belwood. Asleep! —

Cynthia. Yes, or rather, that I had only now awoke, and found that these last three months were all a dream.

Mrs.

Mrs. Belwood. Do you feel, then, that my brother is an amiable man?

Cynthia. Hush, hush, here he is—

Mr. Belwood. (*Bringing refreshments*) Among so many elegant refreshments, it is difficult to determine which is the most refreshing; but I conceive, the good old-fashione'd negus, as being warm, will be safest—Miss Fenton, I have the honour—Sister, do me the favour—

(*Gives a glass to each of them, and returns with the empty ones.*)

Cynthia. Oh, Mrs. Belwood, how happy I am, that that unfortunate young man has not kept his engagement!!

Mrs. Belwood. Yes, I think you have a fair open now, for a quarrel without coming to any further explanation.

Enter CHANTILLON.

Chantillon. Madamoselle, here be de very large family of de Messrs. Dazzles, as dey tell me, coming, head over de heels up de stairs, all ver drunk, upon my word!

Cynthia. Gracious heavens!!!

Enter FREDERICK first—he runs to *Cynthia*, and endeavours to hold her; then another enters, who making his bow, can't lift up his head again; and as he calls out to Frederick for assistance, he falls on his face—the next coming in tumbling over him.

Frederick. Ha! my little wench, you thought to run—I'll have a kis, that's poss—

Cynthia. Mr. Dazzle, insolent fellow!!

Old Dazzle. Knock the ruffian down!

Mr. Benevol. Hands off, Sir!—

Frederick. What, for such a puppy as you!—sink me—I'll whip you through the lungs—

(Draws his sword.)

Mr. Fenton. Sir, what do you mean by this audacious behaviour in my house?—Here, Thomas, James, turn these fellows out of doors.

Old Dazzle. Ay, rot him, kick him out of the house—

Chantillon. Here, Thomas, James—ver de devil be you all—ma foi—come and turn these madmen out of de house. *(Runs out.)*

Frederick. Draw, you rascals, all of you—draw, I'll have among you—

First Companion. Yes, yes, I'll back Mr. President—The chair, damn me, chair, support the chair—

Frederick. Ha, Jemima, here!—we'll cuckold the doctor after all—

(Attempts to kiss her—Mr. Benevol runs up to him, and catching his sword from him, throws him from her to the other side of the stage.)

Mr. Benevol. Infamous villain! don't irritate me more—or, beastly drunk as you are, I'll make an example of you on the spot.

Cynthia. Oh, my dear Mr. Benevol! for my sake—

Frederick. For your sake!—damn it, who are you!

Mr. Fenton. Are none of my servants to be found?

Frederick. Let them come on—rot it, lads, won't you back me?

Second Companion. Yes, I'll back you.

(He staggers forward and falls down.)

Enter CHANTILLON running.

Chantillon. Oh, oh, begar dere be another family of the Dazzles coming up de stairs—begar, me believe ten or twelve of them.

Enter

*Enter a Parcel of CONSTABLES headed by the Landlord,
with his head bound up.*

Landlord. That's one of your men—and there is another—and here is another.

Chantillon. Oh, begar, de family of de Dazzles can be easilly picked out of de whole room, without much trouble! If you came a little sooner, you might cram dem all in one basket, for dey lay in the heap in the floor.

Frederick. Rascals, do you know who we are?

Chantillon. Yes me swear you be de father of de Dazzles.

Old Dazzle. Yes, yes, I'll give up my birth-right with pleasure.

Constable. Oh, we know the gentleman very well! he is an old acquaintance, and treats as handsomely in the watch-house as a prince.

Mr. Fenton. But what can all this mean?—do you take this for a watch-house?

(They quarrel with the Constables, who carry them off by force.)

Landlord. I am very sorry, Sir, for this disturbance; but you see the condition I am in, from the behaviour of these ruffians.

Mr. Dazzle. Ay, ay, transport Frederick, and I don't care what you do with the rest.

Mr. Fenton. Sir, you might have taken another opportunity, rather than disturb my company in this manner.

Landlord. I was directed here, Sir, and did not know that such confusion would be the consequence—besides, Sir, justice Guzzle insisted on my directing the men, in consequence of a warrant issued out by him for an assault on his person.

Mr. Fenton. Well, Sir, that does not concern me—go look to your prisoners. [Exit landlord.

Mr. Dazzle. As you are sensible that I am not responsible for this gentleman's flights of fancy, I will make no apology for him; and only hope you will not take one from himself, if he presumes to offer it----An insult offered to Miss Cynthia Fenton, Sir, should be considered as the cause of society at large.

Mr. Fenton. I am sorry that such a circumstance should have disturbed our felicity——Lead the way, gentlemen, after the ladies to the supper room——let us resume our gaiety over a glass of champaigne and a cotillion.

Chantillon. Ha, viva de cotillion! — [Exeunt.

SCENE II. ACT III.

SCENE a Room in Mr. BELWOOD's. Mr. BENEVOL and SCAMPER.

Mr. Benevol. In this affair, Sir, you have acted certainly in a friendly manner towards Miss Fenton; and, though I fear you mistake, in supposing that I can be admitted to have any self-interest in it, further than the pleasure of seeing innocence rescued from destruction; yet I hold myself much indebted to you, for making me the channel of communicating the intelligence.

Mr. Scamper. Oh, Sir, in that respect you don't perfectly understand me! — I have already exposed the transaction to the young lady, that she may be on her guard, as I should have been very sorry to have involved

you

you in a quarrel, which might have been the result—
My present visit was occasioned by my anxiety to give
you the earliest intimation; that you might take advan-
tage of it, if you had a real attachment to the lady.

Mr. Benevol. I am very sensible, Sir, of your extreme
politeness—pray, may I take the liberty of asking, “to
what cause am I indebted, for the very flattering part,
you have so warmly espoused in my service, who am so
perfectly a stranger to you.”

Mr. Scamper. Oh, Sir, you are there mistaken! your
character, Mr. Benevol—your character, Sir, is sur-
rounded with such a resplendent radiance; that at the same
time, it prevents you from considering common objects,
must ever render yourself a meteor for public observation.

Mr. Benevol. Nay, nay, Mr. Scamper, you are rather
in the extreme in your compliments—

Mr. Scamper. Not I, upon my soul, Sir—I am, but
the simple echo of public opinion—I revere a man
of character, Sir—although a poor individual myself, and
hardly used by the world, I like to see the prosperity of
the virtuous, and the brave.

Mr. Benevol. I should be very happy, Sir, to be of
any service to you, that lies in my power—your prin-
ciples, Sir, as the world goes, shew you to be one of a
million, and your singular warmth of approbation, must
certainly be very gratifying to me.

Enter *Mr. BELWOOD.*

Mr. Belwood. I hope I don't intrude!—

Mr. Benevol. Intrude! impossible—Brother, this is
Mr. Scamper—a gentleman, who has been of very singu-
lar service to your friend, Miss Fenton. (*Scamper bows.*)

Mr. Belwood. The most consummate parasite in town.

(*Afide.*)

G 3

Mr.

Mr. Benevol. This is the gentleman, who has exposed the whole of this infamous transaction—and upon my word, actuated by the most liberal principles !

Scamper. (*Bows consequentially*) Yes, Sir, mere humanity, mere humanity—I deserve no praise——

Mr. Belwood. (*Indignantly*) Mr. Scamper, you shall have all the praise you merit—Brother, don't you know this gentleman's character ?

Mr. Benevol. Not I—I take him to be a man of very great benevolence——

Mr. Belwood. Humph, perhaps so, Mr. Scamper, there are certain characters in life, which to treat with delicacy would be a silent commendation of vice, and an insult to the feelings of an honest man——

Scamper. Sir !——

Mr. Belwood. I don't propose to repeat what I have advanced, Sir—brother, how could you, for a moment, listen to this gentleman's plea of humanity ; whom you detect in the fact, of first, furthering the designs of a villain ; then, disclosing the secrets of a bosom friend, who has notoriously been his protector from a jail for years —Sir, you may save yourself the trouble of an apology, founded, no doubt, upon some hypocritical pretext—No motive, Sir, can excuse your betraying a friend, while you continue to smile in his face, and accept of his bounty——

Mr. Benevol. What ! in a cause of such consequence to morality ?

Mr. Belwood. The mask of friendship should never be prostituted to any purpose whatsoever—even honest motives can never apologize for a breach of trust—come, Mr. Scamper, sincerely acknowledge the reasons that influenced your present conduct——

Scamper.

Scamper. Distress, Sir! —

Mr. Benevol. Astonishing!! —

Mr. Belwood. I thought so — distress, the effect of riot and dissipation!! Now, Sir, to prove to you, that I am uniform in my opinion, respecting breaches of friendship — though you could be of great service to Miss Fenton, and her friends, yet I scorn to bribe you — though that young man has unpleasant remembrances of her's in his possession, which I know you could insidiously obtain; yet, I prefer calling myself, and hazarding my own person to insult, rather than make any man a tool to act unfaithful to his trust —

Mr. Benevol. Nay, Belwood, don't be so hasty —

Mr. Belwood. Oh, I detest fawning on villainy —

(Turning away.)

Scamper. Sir, will you please to listen to me —

Mr. Benevol. Yes, yes, Mr. Scamper, he shall.

Mr. Belwood. Proceed, Sir —

Scamper. Sir, the remembrances that you hint at, are in my possession — these letters I foresaw they would be of consequence; and I acknowledge, was entrusted with them, on purpose, to publish them to the world, in case his attack on her honour had become a matter of public notoriety.

Mr. Benevol. Merciful heaven! what villainy —

Mr. Belwood. You see, brother, I was justified in my indignation — Pray, Sir, why did you not surrender these letters at first?

Scamper. With shame I acknowledge — I thought to have had a handsome present for the supposed trouble of obtaining them; but your manly virtues has overawed me. Permit me to add, that you are the first man I ever met with, who had spirit enough openly to avow your

contempt

contempt for vice, in direct opposition to the rules of etiquette.

Mr. Belwood. No compliments, pray—those letters shall be safely deliver'd into the lady's hands from whence they imprudently came: as to a pecuniary recompense, I will not put my hand in my purse to supply you with a temporary resource for a gaming table; but, when you coolly determine to assume a new character, and in lieu of a pest, become of serious use to society, in any proper plan of life you may please to adopt, I shall be the first to relieve you.

Scamper. Then, Sir, I may retire in hopes of merit-ing your assistance.

(Mr. Benevol follows him to the door and slips his purse into his hands—Scamper bows and exit.)

Mr. Belwood. Ah, William, William, your heart is too open. *(Aside.)* Well, William, thus far our arms have with success been crowned—Now, hail your brightest stars! and invoke all the little cherubs, and guardian sylphs to assist you in the chace!——Already half the day is our own.

Mr. Benevol. In that case I shall invoke no other deity than the amiable Cynthia—She must be the cen-ter of my adoration. *(Sings.)*

If shelter'd beneath the esteem of the fair,
Protected by friendship and thee,
I seek for no cherub to fleet through the air,
Nor angel to hover round me.

Their forms too aerial for mortals to find
Those charms which we wish to approve;
But I trace in my Cynthia's person and mind
The union of virtue and love.

No passions, no feelings with *them* can allure ;
No temptation to lead them astray—
Whilst trials with thee prove thy bosom more pure
Than silver refin'd from its clay.

At her sight even malice retreats from her seat,
To skulk in the caves of despair ;
There, murmuring, curses both heaven and fate,
For framing a bosom so fair.

Since Nature thus yields thee the laurels of truth,
No cherub I deign to implore !
Blest with virtue and grace, with beauty and youth,
Even angels can boast of no more.

Mr. Belwood. Bravo, pursue your plan, *Mrs. Belwood* is at present with her, and we have contriv'd a very ludicrous plan, to make old *Dazzle's* visits be countermanded, even by her father ; but you shall not be admitted to the secret till the plot is at its height — Come, take your hat, and attend me to a scene of happiness and love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. ACT III.

SCENE old DAZZLE's Dressing Room—*Discovers him half dress'd as a Woman, and Francis attending.*

Dazzle. I shall never be able to wear high heels and sharp toes—I tell you, *Francis*, I should inevitably break my neck in them—besides, how the devil should I squeeze my gouty foot into one ?

Francis. As for that matter, Sir, you need not be over-anxious—it is quite the ton now to have low heels,

so

so that the ladies' feet go splash, splash, through the gutter, for all the world as if they were web-footed like a duck.

Mr. Dazzle. I shall make a plaguy pale old woman — I wonder do these eastern nabobbeses ever wear rouge, eh —

Francis Why, you must know, I was thinking, Sir, you look too pale for a person that is supposed to have been burning in India for so many years — Suppose, Sir, I wash your face with a little of Scott's nankeen dye — it would be quite the thing.

Dazzle. What, Francis, turn my face into an old pair of breeches! — But I say, Francis, you dog, you must never discover on me, or I will play the devil with you —

Francis I, Sir — I — oh, dear! do you think I would do such a thing? — I had better run for the dye, Sir — All the world, or at least every body in the house, knows it already. (*Aside.*) [Exit.]

Mr. Dazzle. I make but a sorry looking old hag, to be sure — ecod, those petticoats will never stay on my hips — so — well, now let me see, if I understand all this business right —

(*Sits down and takes out a letter.*)

DEAR SIR,

“ Though unknown to you, as the writer of this, yet as
 “ a friend, you may be certain I inform you right, when
 “ I tell you, Miss Cynthia Fenton will shortly make a
 “ match for herself, if you dally any longer — therefore,
 “ a bold stroke must be made — you must know, Mr.
 “ Fenton is carrying on this business, merely, that he may
 “ make you an instrument for obtaining his old flame, Mrs.
 “ Arcot, and by marrying her, rob your family — (he is
 “ extremely

“ extremely friendly upon my word) —Now, as the winds
 “ are so contrary, she can’t possibly arrive for some time ;
 “ your plan would be to go dress’d like her, and assuming
 “ her character, be very kind to his advances, then, in the
 “ evening going in your own person, demand an immediate
 “ marriage. Mr. Fenton will never dare to refuse you.

“ This from a friend.

“ N. B. Be sure you talk a great deal of pagodas and
 “ lacks of rupees” —Yes, yes, the matter is plain enough.

Enter SERVANT with a gally-pot.

Francis. Here, Sir, sit down if you please —now, Sir —t’other side, if you please —ay, ay, Sir, this will do —a charming East India complexion —a piece of old smoked parchment to a nicety.

O. Dazzle. Take care of my eyes, you dog —Yes, I’ll answer for it, Fenton’s heart will bouncé when he sees so much bile in my face —he will be thinking of a coffin and pagodas, with as much avidity as if I was already at the last gasp.

(Francis rubs him all over, laughing all the time —the servants peeping and laughing.)

Mr. Dazzle. Damn it, you’re laughing at me, you dog —

Francis. I laugh, Sir, not I —ha, ha, ha, not I, upon my foul —ha, ha, ha —ha, ha, ha —

Mr. Dazzle. Don’t provoke me, Francis.

Francis. Ha, ha, ha, —ha, ha, ha —

Mr. Dazzle. I’ll knock you down, you rascal.

Francis. Ha, ha —why, Sir, it’s so comical —I beg your pardon, Sir —Oh, dear, your handkerchief, Sir —

Mr. Dazzle. You must pin it up to my throat, to hide my beard as much as possible —there, that will do, Sir —I see you’re laughing still, you dog.

Francis.

Francis. Not I, Sir—ha, ha—Oh, dear, your cloak, Sir---here, Sir, here, you must pull on these gloves.)

(*As they pull them on Dazzle looks in the glass.*)

Dazzle. Ha, ha, ha---Francis, why faith, I look comical enough, to be sure—

Francis. Comical! oh, dear, Sir, not in the least! not in the least---a very respectable looking old lady—ha, ha, ha—

Mr. Dazzle. Respectable, damn'd respectable—my face looks so cheerful and happy---as pleasant, as a dried lemon peel; and as healthy, as if the land crabs were waiting dinner for me: but come along, Francis, is the chair ready?

Francis. Oh, you must not speak so hoarse, Sir.

Mr. Dazzle. Oh, hang it, I forgot that—“here, Francis, call my chair”---(*speaks affectedly*)---“How do you do---hem”---will that do, do you think?

Francis. To a miracle, Sir—

Mr. Dazzle. Alons---“yes, Mr. Fenton, I have the pagodas and rupees---hem”---la, la, la, &c.

(*As he goes out singing and moving in a minuet step,*

Jenny runs plump against him, singing as if she did not expect to see him.)

Jenny. “An old woman clothed in grey,

Had a daughter most charming and young”---Waugh---oh, lord! I am frighten'd out of my seven senses---oh, laws, oh, laws---(*Throws herself in a chair.*)

Mr. Dazzle. You pert hussey! what do you mean! how dare you come in here?

Jenny. Oh, dear, is it you, Sir? I am sure---I---I---he, he, he---(*Falls a giggling.*)

Mr. Dazzle. insolent slut!

(*Goes out in a passion, Francis follows him and returns—Jenny still laughing.*)

Francis.

Francis. Mrs. Jenny, you surely have the impudence of the devil.

Jenny. Yes, I know I have, to laugh at him to his very face---I wonder the old gentleman did not show his cloven foot—How well his clothes became him.

(*Sings.*)

The serpent in summer thus changes his skin,
And into a new one with glee he pops in,
As pleas'd with his dress as a beau,

A beau, as pleas'd with his dress as a beau, &c.

So my master at last growing prudent and wise,
His natural garb he assumes for disguise,
Being quite an old woman, you know,

You know, being quite an old woman, you know.

Francis. Ha, ha, ha, the old fool—You are a merry girl, Jenny—and positively, the first person that asks after him shall be sent to Mr. Fenton's.

Jenny. “Being quite an old woman, you know,” &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. ACT. III.

Mr. FENTON's. Miss FENTON and CHANTILLON.

Cynthia. Go this moment from my presence—

Chantillon. Vat signify Madamofelle?—de one kifs—
Begar me knows you love me ver well—me vont tell
your papa, if you do give me one—

Cynthia. Fanny—here, Fanny—

H

Chantillon.

Chantillon. (Puts his arm round her waist) Vat you cry, Fanny, for!—me not hurt you, ma foi !!

Cynthia. Insolent villain! (Strikes him.)

Enter Mr. FENTON.

Mr. Fenton. What's all this?—Cynthia, my dear, what is the matter?

Cynthia. Get out of the room this instant—

(Sits down and cries.)

Chantillon. Ah, viva la liberty!—Tut, tut, vat you cry? it be de bagatelle—me do nothing but ask de one kiss, de kiss of fraternization!—Monsieur, vill you favour me vid de pinch of your snuff?

Cynthia. Oh, papa, turn that wretch out of doors!

Mr. Fenton. I am quite lost in astonishment!—Ungrateful ruffian—dare attempt to kiss my daughter—get from my presence.

Chantillon. Me have done no harm—me vill marry de young creature, if she please.

Mr. Fenton. Marry her, you varlet!—that shall be your portion.—(Strikes him across the head.)

Chantillon. Ha, ma foi, strike me!—!

Mr. Fenton. Yes, and there—and there—and there—
(Kicks him.)

Chantillon. Ah, Monsieur tenez vous, tenez vous—me vill never do so again.

Cynthia. Do, papa, send him away—

Mr. Fenton. Out, you villain, out of my house—

Chantillon. Ho, begar me be in de wrong box. (Ajide.)

(Falls down on his knees.)

Oh, Monsieur, me lick de dust off your feet, if you give me de pardon: I am de pauvre miserable, of one poor starved devil, of a petty Garcon—Ah, Madamofelle pardonez moi, pray forgive me—give me de kick i

d

de face—tramp upon my poor miserable carcase ; but don't turn me upon de vide world.

Mr. Fenton. Don't dare to talk, but get from my house—

Cynthia. Well, papa, if he behaves better for the future, you must forgive him ; besides, indeed, Sir, it was in some measure your own fault, by seeming to encourage his insolent freedoms.

Mr. Fenton. True, my dear, very true—I am quite ashamed of my absurdity—If this is modern reformation, I wish sincerely that the enemies of my country may enjoy the fruits of it as long as they live.

Chantillon. Ah, Monsieur, ah, Madamoselle—pray, pardon !!!

Mr. Fenton. (Walking about much agitated) A fine method truly of correcting the manners of society—destroying the barriers of decency and decorum—insulting morality and disturbing domestic happiness—this is equality with a vengeance ! The devil himself was the first that tried his hand at this sort of reformation !—Confound such levelling—levelling modesty to impudence—honour to infamy—virtue to vice—and at last levelling the whole creation to be on a par with old Nick !!—(A loud rapping at the hall door)—Get from your knees, firrah—at this lady's request I will overlook your insolence ; but be assured, the smallest complaint that I hear again shall shut you out of my house for ever—insolent puppy !!

Chantillon. (Rising) Ah, Monsieur, me be very much oblige—bien oblige upon my vord—me vill be tout unne autre chose—tout unne autre chose.

Mr. Fenton. Some body has been let into the drawing room—run, Sir, and see who it is—The fellow has quite unhinged me—may dear girl can you pardon me for occasioning this insult ?

Cynthia. I request, Sir, you will think no more about it.

Re-enter CHANTILLON.

Chantillon. It is one Madame Arcot—and she send up her compliment—She be just come from the East Indie.

Mr. Fenton. Who the devil! Mrs. Arcot, did you say?—What shall I do, I am quite undressed—Chantillon, run and get me another coat—and do you hear, a laced cravat—Cynthia, my dear, you will come and see the old lady—I must run and change my dress—

Cynthia. I have been thrown into such a flutter, Sir—I must retire to my room for a few minutes; but I shall wait on you as soon as possible. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE V. ACT III.

SCENE changes to the drawing Room; discovers old Mr. DAZZLE dressed as Mrs. ARCOT; Mr. FENTON entering.

Mr. Fenton. My dear Mrs. Arcot, I am so happy to see you—Mercy on me what an agreeable surprize—
(Salutes her)—I am so happy to see you—

Dazzle. Ay, ay, I thought to have surprized you, my dear friend—the first house I came to.

Mr. Fenton. This is so very kind—
(Salutes her again)
(Damn it, what a beard.) *(Aside.)*—A fine ever-green eastern exotic—a very rose from Sharon, blooming and fresh as ever—
(Heavens! what a yellow withered hag.) *(Aside.)*

Mr. Dazzle. Oh, dear, still the same bewitching tongue, Mr. Fenton.

Mr. Fenton. Such an unexpected happiness—it is like lighting on a diamond mine—all brilliancy and surprize—those piercing eyes still of the first water—(just like the scales of a dead carp.) *(Aside.)* Indeed you look quite charmingly—(the ugliest devil I ever saw)---

(Aside.)
Mr. Dazzle

Mr. Dazzle. Nay, nay, you are a flattering rogue—
Oh, dear, a bad complaint in my liver, my friend—

Mr. Fenton. Pray, let me beg you to be seated—I
am so very happy to see you! (*Draws a chair and sits beside her*) Believe me, you look healthy and fat—(such
a half-starved devil!) *Aside.*) — I'll warrant you,
English air and English beef will soon make you forget
your complaints—(she can't live a fortnight—*Aside.*)

Mr. Dazzle. Oh, friend, (*Coughs*) you see—you
see—I am going—Well, my friends will be the better
for me. Ah, Mr. Fenton! you were an old admirer of
mine—don't you recollect Fanny Dazzle?—You used
to admire my fine hair—ay, ay, you were always a
young flatterer—(*Taps him on the cheek with her fan.*)

Mr. Fenton. And why not be merry and wife still,
Mrs. Arcot?—Ods my life, I am so glad to see!—you
must excuse me—(*Kisses her.*)

Mr. Dazzle. Fie, fie, Mr. Fenton—(the devil! he
will quite smother me) (*aside*) and yet my fortune is but
a trifle after all—Hard labour, to bear the nauseous
embraces of a tawny, and drink sherbet for a few lack of
rupees and pagodas—quite a trifle, quite a trifle.

Mr. Fenton. You are so charming!—(*kisses her again*)
the same sweet tone of voice! (zooks how like a crack'd
trumpet). (*Aside.*) (*Another loud rap.*)

Enter CHANTILLON.

Chantillon. Here be another grand lady come here to
see you:—unne autre Madam Arcot from de India!

Mr. Fenton. Who! what! another Mrs. Arcot!—
some foolish blunder this.

Mr. Dazzle. (*Aside*) Gads my life, the kettle has
boiled over!

Enter Mrs. BELWOOD as Mrs. ARCOT ; Mr. FENTON rises, appearing in much surprize.

Mrs. Belwood. Mr. Warren, I am very glad to see you—You remember your old flame?

Mr. Fenton. Madam—I—I—(curse me if I know which of these people to affront). (*Aside.*)

Mr. Dazzle. (*Aside to Mr. Fenton*) It was all a joke—don't discover on me—hush, hush, I'm your old friend Dazzle—all a joke.

Mrs. Belwood. Very well, very well, I see you don't know me—Yes, yes, I suppose the climate and the ravages of time have altered me.

Mr. Fenton. Madam, permit me to wish you joy on your arrival!—(*Kisses her.*)—I—I am very happy to see you—But upon my word—I—I—pray let me request you'll take a chair—I am very glad—What the devil is all this? (*Aside.*)

Mrs. Belwood. Sure, Mr. Fenton, this old lady has very much the features of my brother.

Mr. Dazzle. Hem, hem, very hoarse, hem—can't hear very well, madam—(Damn it, Fenton, you shall have her if you don't discover on me). (*Aside.*)

Mr. Fenton. Mrs. Arcot, the pleasure of seeing you had such an effect on me—Give me leave, Madam—

(*Kisses her.*)

Enter CHANTILLON running.

Chantillon. Vel dis be very comique—begar it be—here be one autre Mrs. Arcot, come here—have five, six, black footmen, and very grande livery—She be coming up vid Madamofelle Cynthia, and my old master, who did come at de very same time.

Mr. Fenton.

Mr. Fenton. (Starting up) Why, zooks this is more farce ! What do you mean, you blockhead !—what is all this ? —

Chantillon. Ma foi ! she kis Madamofelle on de stair, and call her daughter.

Mrs. Bel-wood. (Aside) Sure this must be some joke on me.

Mr. Dazzle. Then, Madam, may I presume to ask who the devil are you ?

Mrs. Bel-wood. And pray, Madam, may in turn presume to ask who the devil are you ?

Mr. Fenton. And pray, may I presume to ask who the devil you both are ?

Enter *Mrs. ARCOT* and *CYNTHIA*, followed by *Mr. BELWOOD* and *Mr. BENEVOL*; *Mrs. ARCOT* speaking to *CYNTHIA*.

Mrs. Arcot. Sweet amiable girl !—ah, my little child, you shall find a mother in me I promise you —— *Mr. Fenton*, I am very happy to see you. (Curtseys.)

Mr. Fenton. Gadszooks I'll be made no more fun of —— Come, come, Madam, no jokes upon me ——

Cynthia. Papa, what do you mean ? Don't you know my godmother ?

Mr. Fenton. Godmother ! why, my dear, how many godmothers have you ? Here are already two, and now pops up a third —— one of them has got a beard, and I suppose a pair of breeches into the bargain.

Mr. and Mrs. Belwood speak apart.

Mrs. Arcot. Had I known, Mr. Fenton, that I should have met with such a reception, I assure you I should not have troubled you.

Mr. Fenton. Madam, what would you have me do ? Here are two Mrs. Arcots already brow-beating one another :

other: one of them whispers to me, that he is old Mr. Dazzle—and who the devil the other is I cannot tell—

Mrs. Arcot. You talk very unintelligibly, Sir,—one of these ladies my brother !!

Mr. Fenton. Upon my soul, Madam, he may be your sister for what I know.

Chaniillon. Ma foi, ver comique this—dese English be ver tick skull not to know de man from de woman.

Mrs. Belwood. (Comes forward) Mr. Fenton, I have to beg your pardon—This was all an innocent trick, and we are completely out-plotted. It was *my* scheme, therefore, Mr. Dazzle cannot be offended; the sole view I had was a little pleasant diversion, on which account I assumed the character of this lady, who has surprized us all, and whose pardon I have to ask.

Mrs. Arcot. Madam, you have it from my heart—ha, ha, ha, and so this is my brother.

Mr. Dazzle. Well, hang it, since the cat is out of the bag, let every one look to his tail — Sister, I am very glad to see you; but the truth shall out—damn it but it shall ! This gentleman, wanting to get your fortune, had laid a scheme to coax me, by marrying me to his daughter, that I might speak in his fayour to you, and so to make a fool of him, I came as you see.

(*Throws off his cloak and hat and tramps on them.*)

Mr. Fenton. To make a fool of me, Sir !

Mrs. Arcot. Come, come, you must not quarrel for a joke—ha, ha, ha, to be sure, brother, without you have got the jaundice, I am not under much compliment to you for making such a representation of me.

Mr. Dazzle. Why, to be sure there is a little nankeen dye on my face! but it will scrub off—I did not mean to offend you, sister—

(*Takes up his petticoat and wipes his face.*)

Mr. Fenton.

Mr. Fenton. Mrs. Arcot, excuse my impertinence—but I was so vex'd to be made a dupe of ——

Mr. Dazzle. Yes, yes, sister, talk to him about pagodas and a lack of rupees, and he'll soon bill and coo.

Mrs. Arcot. Ah, no! Mr. Fenton has too much sense to trifle with an old woman of sixty; but, I promise my little Cynthia she shall lose nothing from her not being nearer allied.

Mr. Fenton. Madam, my little Cynthia is under great obligations to you—Ha, Mr. Belwood and Mr. Benevol, you are great rogues!—I see you have been at the bottom of this.

Mrs. Belwood. Are you angry with me, Mr. Fenton?

Mr. Fenton. Yes, I am, my sweet woman, for disfiguring yourself so much.

Mrs. Arcot. Yes, so I say, Mr. Fenton—I suppose they thought I should come over like a pickled mango!

Enter CHANTILLON running, followed by FREDERICK.

Chantillon. Ho, begar here be de father of de Dazzles coming again.

Frederick. I am extremely sorry, Mr. Fenton, that I acted so imprudently last night.

Mr. Fenton. Upon my word, Sir (circumstances considered) I think it necessary for you to enlarge your apology to the whole company.

Frederick. Ha! confusion!—Mr. Belwood, here!!

Mr. Belwood. Yes, Sir, I am here, and let me tell you (making free with Mr. Fenton's house) you are a villain—

Mr. Benevol. And I take the liberty of echoing my brother's words—you are a villain—

Mr. Dazzle.

Mr. Dazzle. Yes, yes, I fancy that's a pretty general opinion.

Frederick. Infolent rascals—*Mr. Fenton*, I am surprised to see you stand so tamely, and submit to have such a cowardly advantage taken of a gentleman in your house.

Mr. Fenton. Gentleman! for shame, Sir, don't prostitute the word—a gentleman is a man of feeling, honour, truth and virtue—whose actions give him the distinction, and whose soul raises him above the common herd of mankind—not a lying, mean paultroon, who assumes the title of a gentleman, to deceive the world and betray the innocent.

Frederick. Well, Sir, what do you infer from thence?

Mr. Fenton. Young man, none of your impudent airs here!—The inference is this, that the character these gentlemen gave of you is true in every sense of the word—This fair witness stands here to register my opinion—She has exposed your villainous designs, and I even feel the dignity of a parent lowered by addressing you, or admitting you to stay a moment in my house.

Frederick. Since you will have it so, I shall prove under her own hand-writing.

Mr. Fenton. Prove what?—You lie, you rascal!! you can prove nothing of my child that can speak to her dishonour.

Mr. Belwood. (*Aside to Mr. F. Dazzle*) Mr. Scamper, Sir, has saved you that trouble—The papers you basely and insidiously allude to are in my custody; and, if you proceed a step further, your conduct shall be made matter for a public trial.

Mr. Dazzle. Ay, ay, a very agreeable interview between you and your aunt here—yes, I thought you dog you would come to the gallows!

Frederick.

Frederick. What the devil ! who have we here ?

Mr. Dazzle. Your father, you dog—never stand gaping here, but look to your aunt Arcot.

Frederick. My aunt !!

Mrs. Arcot. I have with indignation listen'd to the reproaches which I have no doubt you deserve, and am sorry to find, that those whom I should naturally wish to esteem and raise in the world are so wholly undeserving my regard.

Frederick. Madam, I—I—am very sorry.

Mr. Dazzle. Yes, I thought, you villain, you'd come to the parish—Your golden dreams are all gone to the devil, my boy.

Mrs. Arcot. Upon my word, brother, I don't know whether your dreams have been of gold or silver; but I repeat it with regret, that the only method, by which I could find out your residence in town, was public inquiry: and it hurts me to add, that your dissipated principles were the only mark of your notoriety.

O. Dazzle. Humph—!—rot me, but I'll knock you down if you look at me—*(To Frederick.)*

Mrs. Arcot. Come hither, my Cynthia, your welfare in future shall be interwoven with my own—and wherever you think you can command happiness, I only hope to be made at least the secondary instrument for promoting it.

Cynthia. Madam, you are infinitely too good !

Mrs. Belwood. *(Having return'd with her face wash'd)* I have a brother, Madam !

Mrs. Arcot. Now, my life for it, I know what you would say, or I am no physiognomist—if that anxious, pleasing countenance does not inform me of the whole.

(Pointing to Benevol.)

Mr. Benevol.

Mr. Benevol. Madam, since you have so flatteringly distinguished me as the object, let me hope for your gentle influence here.

Cynthia. Since I must speak—

Frederick. Cynthia, Cynthia, listen to one word—

Mrs. Arcot. Unhappy young man! as you value my countenance, or displeasure, for ever don't presume to speak or interfere. (*He bows and retires.*) What were you saying, my Cynthia?

Cynthia. I confess, Madam, I have done this gentleman a great deal of injustice, by crediting the injurious reports spread against his character; and, if it is his anxious wish, and that my father consents to my alliance with him, I have no objection to make him every recompense in my power.

Mr. Benevol. Lovely, amiable girl, you never injured me—(*Taking her by the hand.*)

Mr. Fenton. If I consent—why, my love, I don't know what to say to that matter—I'll consent to lose my life, if it would conduce to your happiness. Mr. Benevol possesses a jewel in his own person, as far as an universal good character can make a man valuable; but then he has a very handsome property, and ours is a little involved—so I could wish to have it first unincumbered, that you might not go like a beggar into any man's arms.

Mrs. Arcot. If that's the only objection against the match, all can be easily set to rights—I must reward merit out of my own family, since I cannot find it in it.

Mr. Fenton. Generous woman!

Mr. Dazzle. Oh, dear, yes, generous with a vengeance! but charity, methinks, should begin at home—Oh, Sally, you must not be so cross, do you see!

Mrs. Arcot. No, brother, but I am just, and I hope, generous—Nay, more, if I find you support, or rather

affume

assume the dignity of deportment, which should distinguish the head of a respectable house, I shall be still an egotist in my own praise, and say, I am of a forgiving nature too.

Mr. Fenton. Well, Madam—faith there is no withstanding your arguments—and as far as health and happiness can be the effect of virtue—I have no fear, my children, but both will be amply consigned to you.

Mr. Benevol. Sir, your mode of bestowing me happiness can only be enhanced by the amiable present that accompanies it: and if you have left one vacant spot unoccupied in my heart, it is extending your compliment to the friends that surround me—and joining in the fervent prayer—(*looking to the house*)—that health, prosperity and peace may be equally shared among all the friends of my country.

Chantillon.

Me too, vid permission, have someting to say;—
But dat be by your leave, Messieurs si vous plais.

De brave man dat vould fly
From de earth to de sky,
Must first borrow de vings and de tail,—
Or he'd tumble, like me,
Pauvre wretch as you see,
And his noddle vould crack, me be bail !!

So avay vid my tricks,—
For here now me do fix
My politic belief,
On de mutton and beef;
So de rights and de law,
Shall lie snug in my maw.—
For me tink, de tale tell
Of de dog and de well,

Not content vid his own,
Lost his nice fav'ry bone ;
And by gar he was paid
Vid not even de shade !
So my liberty too,
Me give up to you.
Chantillon no lose it,
Ven English vill use it !
Den pray keep it snug,
Like de bug in de rug,
Dat me also may sing
“ *May great God save de king,* ”
And dis truth ever own,
“ Dat me live better here dan at home.



THE END.

